

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

APRIL 16, 1925
VOLUME 99, NO. 16



TURN ON THE LIGHT IN
THE NURSERY SOME
NIGHT AND LOOK INTO
THE CRIB AT THE SMALL
BODY LYING THERE SO
STILL—ONE CHUBBY ARM
FLUNG BACK • THE OTHER
AT HER SIDE COVERING

THE OLD WORN DOLL • EYES CLOSED • LITTLE
NOSE TILTED TOWARD HEAVEN • LIPS
CURVED LIKE AN ANGEL'S AND TINY CHEST
GENTLY RISING AND FALLING • • AH • TIME'S
MAGIC POWER! WAS IT ONLY A FEW BRIEF
HOURS AGO THAT SHE ROLLED YOUR NEW
VASE DOWNSTAIRS AND TANGLED HERSELF
AND THE CAT IN YOUR SEWING BASKET?

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Issued weekly by the Perry Mason Company. The Youth's Companion, Publication Office, Rumford Building, Ferry Street, CONCORD, N. H., Editorial and business offices, 881 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered as second-class matter, Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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PERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

TREATMENT OF CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

ALTHOUGH it is difficult to cure the elderly sufferer with chronic bronchitis,—and it is usually those advanced in years that are its victims,—much can be done to render his condition more tolerable.

In the beginning the trouble disappears with the advent of warm weather, but returns with fatal regularity with the cold and damp of late autumn. The fortunate one who is not constrained by business or poverty or family obligations to face the discomforts and perils of a northern winter can escape his enemy by running away to some tropical or semi-tropical region or perhaps defy him by a sojourn in the Adirondacks or in some other place where sunshine is plentiful. But most of us must do the best we can at home. For this majority something may be said on diet, housing conditions and clothing.

Many "colds" come from the stomach, from overeating or from eating the wrong kind of food. All meals should be light; the chief one should be at midday. If, as is often the case, a person's heart is weak, or he has high blood pressure, he should be sparing with flesh food and take meat or fish at most only once a day and then in small quantity. All foods, such as beans, cabbage, cauliflower, that are likely to cause flatulence, should be avoided, for the distended stomach presses against the lungs and thus increases the difficulty of breathing and excites coughing.

The indoor clothing should be light in weight and not too thick. The best underclothing is a linen or silk net made double and forming an air shield for the body, rather than the usual thick, heavy, close-meshed material that becomes damp with perspiration in the house, and that feels cold and clammy in the open air. In cold weather the patient's outer garments can hardly be too warm, for the danger is when he is out of doors. It is wise then to breathe through the nose, keep the mouth closed and refrain from speaking.

The house should be kept well warmed by night as well as by day; at night a window or two should be kept open all the time, though draughts should be avoided. If cough medicines are needed, they should be taken only on the physician's advice, for advertised cough mixtures and consumption cures are likely to be dangerous when self-administered.

AN EDUCATED PIG

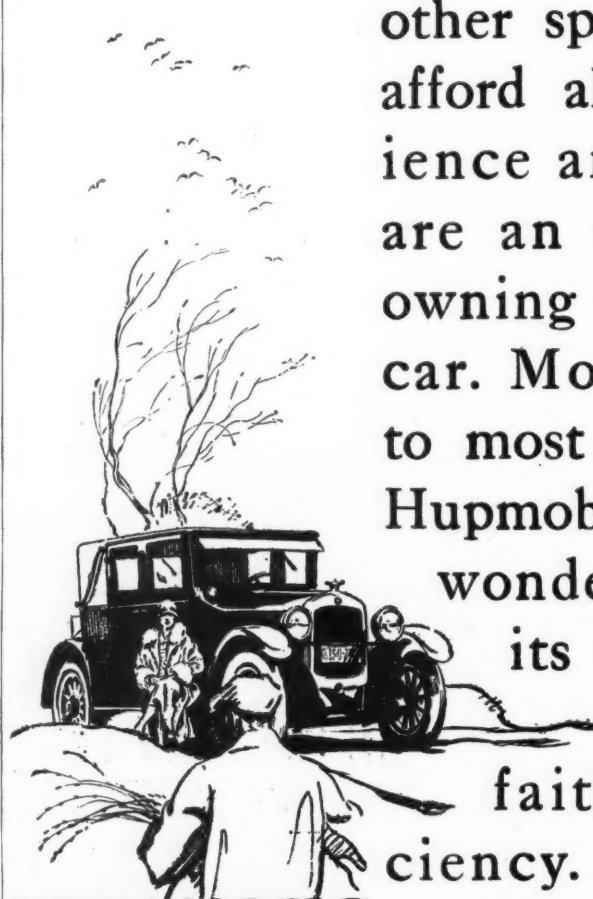
WHEN I was a child, writes a contributor, we lived in the country and sometimes kept a pig. One pig I remember made a name for himself.

His pen was four feet by eight, divided in the middle by a ten-inch plank; the back part was filled with straw for his bed. Across one end was a narrow door hinged at the top, and under it was a wooden pail for his food. The pail was seldom in place, for he would root it all round. We would have to take a stick and pull it up to the door. The pig tried to help, and finally we let him work alone. He kept at it until he was able to put the pail into place. Sometimes it would be tipped over, and sometimes it would be bottom side up.

One day when father went to feed the pig he found the pail over in the bed. He got a long pole and tried to reach it, but the pig insisted on lying on the pole. Finally father said, "Well, bring it yourself if you want your dinner!"

After some time the pig succeeded in getting the pail over the ten-inch plank and to the door. Then he looked up as if to say, "Here it is." But the pail was turned over. When father told him to turn it right side up he put his nose inside and worked until he turned it over.

After that it became a regular thing for him to get his pail, and of course feeding the pig was great fun, especially when the neighbors came to watch.



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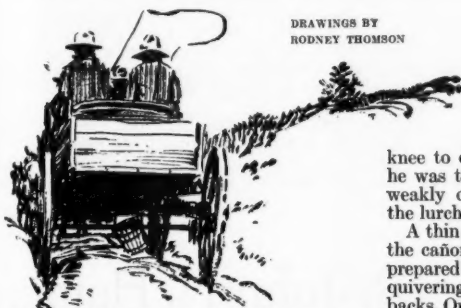
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 TEN CENTS A COPY

DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON

THE HOLDUP ON CAMAS

By Holman F. Day

WHEN we went splashing from the post-office platform of the little Idaho village out into the black 'dobe mud of Camas Prairie a blanketed Nez Percé Indian was a passenger with us. He sat on the foremost of the four transverse benches in the body of the big mountain wagon.

"There are Indians and Indians," remarked my neighbor, a mine owner from Buffalo Hump. "That chap there was with Chief Joseph in his famous retreat across this very strip of prairie. It was square work—Nez Percé style. That's the sort of Indian that chap was then. Today—well, they all look more or less alike, but I'll say for a guess he owns a fruit orchard in the Potlatch Valley, and if he should find my wallet when it had seven thousand dollars in it, as is the case today, I know I should get it back without a bill in it being lifted. That's the kind of Indian he is now. And he has a hundred neighbors just as decent. I say again there are Indians and Indians, though you can't make some of the folks that live round here believe it. But my notion is that it's time to begin to call some of the good Indians fellow citizens."

Then we settled ourselves for the most dismal March journey there is in all the West—the sixteen miles of wallow through the sticky mud of the Camas tableland.

"The idea of sending a nineteen-year-old boy with this outfit!" grumbled the miner, scowling up at the driver. "There isn't enough weight in him to ballast his hat. I don't blame Push Jim for playing sick at this time of year, but this is a man-grown's job, this one."

Push Jim had helped to lift the express box under the front seat and had loaded the mail, but he had croaked croppily all the time and had pointedly drawn the attention of the bystanders to the red flannel bandage round his neck.

The stage had started away four hours ahead of the summer schedule time in order to pass the twenty-five hundred feet of descent into Stites Cañon before dark; the precaution consoled the passengers somewhat for Push Jim's absence, though the mine owner insisted on ascribing the deepest of the mudholes and the worst of the careenings to the presence of the boy on the box.

That boy was not tactful, it must be owned. He kept all of us blinking apprehensively as he swirled his lash behind for a crack. He grinned maliciously over his shoulder when the big miner adjured him in typical Western phraseology to keep the snapper on the rumps of the leaders. Once, making a sweep of the lash, he caught the coiling thong round the Indian's broad-brimmed hat and twitched impatiently without waiting to learn what he had picked up. The hat was flicked off, and the hind wheel squashed it into the mud before the yells of the passengers compelled a halt.

"If you'll tomahawk him, Nez, we'll stand behind you," shouted the mine owner wrathfully after the Indian had clambered back over the wheel and was sitting there cleaning his hat.

"Tisn't likely I done it purpose," retorted the youth. "I couldn't see. Indian's no business wearing hats anyway. Feathers are good enough."

He whipped on sulkily.

The Nez Percé calmly accepted the loan of

the miner's extra cap and placed his own hat in the sun on his knee to dry. As an example of self-control he was truly admirable. We who had been weakly complaining of mud spatters and the lurchings felt ashamed.

A thin bristle of pines marked the edge of the cañon, and we reached the timber and prepared to descend just before the sun went quivering behind the swelling hills at our backs. Only a little daylight was left, but the horses were no longer wallowing through mud, but were trotting briskly over the firm rim rock. Peering over the precipice, we could see far, far below the smoke curling from the chimneys of the railway settlement.

When the driver set his squealing brake and halted to shoe a hind wheel the miner sighed with relief and said: "Well, men, there's daylight left for most of the trip in."

"And to spare," remarked the man behind him, squinting at the sun and then into the tops of the chimneys.

"You might jump down there in a hop, skip and a straddle," the miner retorted with sarcasm, "and get there before sundown, but you've got to remember that by the road we've still three good miles to saw off. Out West you can't tell much by the looks of the jump how far around the frog will have to go."

"Oh, we're none too early," agreed the boy, straightening up from his task at the wheel. "But you needn't worry about my driving. I can team you down there, dark or no dark. That ain't why they're starting me out ahead of schedule."

No one wanted to cater to his conceit by asking questions, and he resumed with a little nervous laugh: "Fact is they held me up in the pines down below a ways about a week ago."

"Held you up! Who?" demanded the miner, instinctively patting his breast pocket and setting his valise more securely on his knees.

"Old Handkerchief Phiz and Rag-on-His-Face," replied the boy, grinning. "Least-ways that was all there was to know 'em by."

He climbed back to his high seat and took up the reins.

"Travelers ought to be warned if there are road agents about," blustered the mine owner.

"No stage companies that I know of are advertising the same on their time card," the boy replied pertly. "But you needn't worry. We'll be past the pine belt before dark."

At his whoop the horses went into their muddy collars, and to the clucking of axle boxes and the whine of the dragging shoe the wagon went over the edge and lurched through the rocks that fretted the shelflike descent. But the big wagon had ground its way barely a rod among the rim-rock fragments when with a click and a cling off went the tire of the left fore wheel and spun bounding down the mountain side. The next moment the wagon came to a standstill; the unprotected fellow was crushed all out of shape.

A groan went up from the five white passengers, and even the Indian blinked twice in rapid succession as his side of the wagon went down.

"A stage line of rotten punkins hauled by blind goats and driven by brats!" bellowed the miner. "Me up here on this mountain with seven thousand in bills and a two-months' clean-up in this bag, and night coming on, and road agents on the trail!"

"And there's five thousand dollars in the express box," the driver

said in a quavering voice; his braggart independence had suddenly left him.

"I don't care if there's a million,"

retorted the miner, climbing out of the wrecked vehicle. "I'm for that village down there on shank's mare, and I'd advise the rest of you that have valuables to hump along with me."

The passengers began to clamber down.

"Gents! O gents!" cried the youth.

"They'll be layin' for me this time! They're Stites men, those road agents. They're right handy. I lied to 'em before and said the express box wasn't on,—said it wouldn't be trusted to a boy,—and they didn't dig under the freight. They only robbed the passengers."

"Then I suppose you rode into Stites and bragged about how you had fooled the agents, hey?" jeered the miner over his shoulder.

"Yes, I did, mister," the boy admitted. "I hadn't ought to have bragged, but I did. Now they'll be layin' for me. Gents, don't go and leave me!"

"You insignificant daub of 'dobe!'" growled the miner. "Bragged about foolin' 'em, eh? Come on," he shouted, backing away and beckoning to the passengers with his free arm. "We aren't hired by this stage company to protect its valuables or look out for the United States mails."

At that moment to jingle of accoutrements and to the rattling of a pack a man who was plainly a Wallowa cow-puncher came over the edge of the rim rock. "Breakdown, eh?" said he.

"No, it's nothing much," declared the boy, trying to push us in front of the shattered wheel to screen it.

"Reckon you'll need help," said the cow-puncher with a grin that to us poor, stalled wretches seemed evil and ominous. "I'll pass the word in the village."

"You needn't do any such thing!" yelled the boy.

But the stranger forced his wiry little horse up the crumbling bank and round our

outfit, and away he went clattering down the road.

"Now we're in for it!" lamented the driver, leaning weakly against the wheel. "He's pat with the gang, for I know him. He's one of the rustlers they jailed a year ago for cattle stealing. They'll sure be layin' for us now."

"Well, see me make time on his heels," stoutly declared the miner. "They'll have to put on wings to get rounded up and back to the trail before I strike the settlement."

The Indian had been solemnly inspecting the wheel. Then as gravely he stared from face to face as each person spoke. Now he turned from a survey of the horseman hastening down the slope. The miner, whirling his arm to excite a stampede, was just starting away. The Nez Percé hurried after him with what seemed cowardly alacrity. The rest of us were still doubtful about deserting the wretched boy, so pathetic in his helplessness.

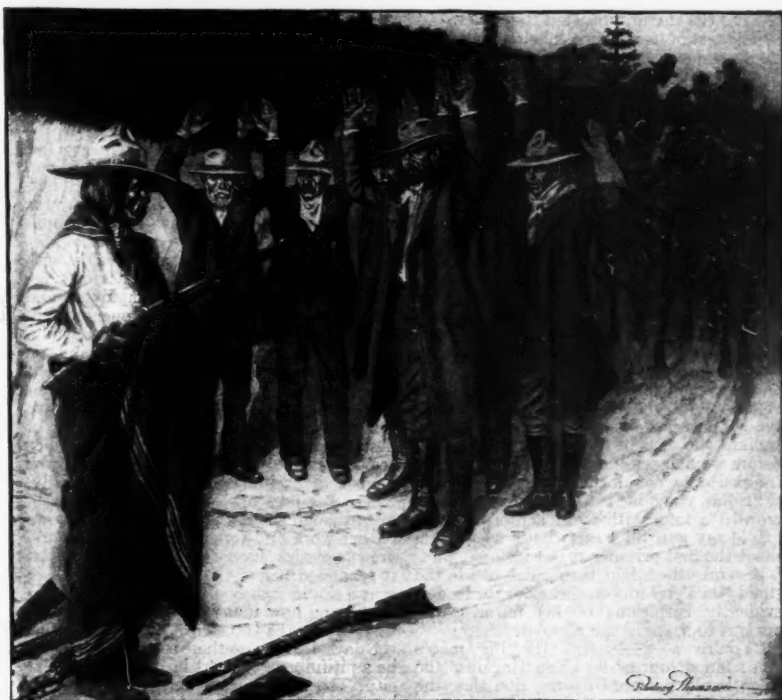
But before anyone had time to shout a protest after the miner the Indian had him by the arm and was addressing him in low tones. We could not catch any part of the colloquy, but the mine owner kept shaking his head and growling furious refusal. He started away time and again, but the Indian slid in front of him and persisted in his calm remonstrance—or such we judged it to be.

At last the mine owner stumped back toward us; his cheeks were red, his eyes snapping. "Are all of you voters?" he demanded.

The chorus was affirmative.

"Well, then I guess we can't afford to let an Indian be a better American citizen than we are. He's got the nerve to say we aren't doing the square thing to run away and leave United States property to robbers, and I tell you, men, when you come to think it over he's right. I reckon reservation life has done at least one Indian some good. The United States government has got a pretty

A more sickening piece of treachery never confronted us



poor tool here for a representative,"—he glared at the boy,—"but that doesn't change our—well, put it one way and it's our responsibility. I don't want an Indian to go away and say he saw five able-bodied men take to the brush like jack rabbits before a finger was stuck up at 'em. Do you?"

Our response, it must be admitted, was not hearty, but under the Nez Percé's grave regard we said it would not do to be cowards.

"This man," continued the miner, "used to be one of Chief Joseph's scouts. He knows the short cuts on this cañon side that only Indians and hawks can travel. He offers to beat that cow-puncher into Stites if we'll stay by the mail and express. Does he go?"

The agreement was unanimous, but not enthusiastic.

"Then," declared the big man, swinging the strap of his valise off his shoulder, "he takes my stuff with him."

He thrust his big wallet into the mouth of the bag and held it yawning at us.

"I don't care to have this stuff exposed to the night air on this mountain," he explained grimly. "If any other man has a wallet that he wants shipped to Stites, this satchel stays open thirty seconds for deposits. I'm sending seven thousand and my clean-up, and that's the kind of confidence I've got in Nez. In with your goods if you feel like it."

Four little boards were tossed in; the miner snapped the catch, hung the strap round the Indian's neck and patted his arm fraternally. The courier flung the corner of his blanket over his shoulder, left the road and went leaping down the steep slope.

Then began the trial of our faith. The dusk deepened into chilly gloom; the wind "woo-ed" lonesomely in the pines, and the lights came winking out in the village far below.

"You've been callin' me a fool and other things," whined the boy, "but giving all that stuff to an Indian—well, that's the—" a growl from the miner checked his comment on our sagacity. Then the youth suggested that we roll the steel express box over the bluff and scatter among the scrub pines, each with a mail bag or so.

The miner snorted in disgust. "A nice and interesting covey of broken-winged partridges we'd be, wouldn't we?" he demanded.

"But when you come to think it all over," suggested one of the party, "weren't we pretty easy marks to load an Indian up with our good money? It's kind of a premium on his not coming back, seems to me. I know of a lot of middling-square white men who would keep on hoofing it with all that plunder."

The miner remained doggedly loyal, however, and in the grumble of discussion two hours wore away. By that time even the big man began to say "if" pretty often.

Suddenly one of the horses whickered. There was a faint answering whinny far down the gorge, and, listening, we heard the rattle of stones.

"That's the gang!" croaked the trembling driver.

"It's the sheriff," insisted the miner.

The rest of us were too much unnerved to guess, but each man clutched his revolver. We were huddled behind the wagon, which was canted forward and made a fair breast-work. The miner had been muttering, "They have just naturally got to be the sheriff and his crowd; that Indian was bound to get to Stites first," when we distinguished the dim bulk of several horsemen crowding in the narrow road below us.

The miner hailed them. The mass halted deep in shadow, and one man came forward on foot, crying that they were friends.

"The Indian! It's Nez!" gasped the big man, and he ran out to meet him, bellowing joyously: "Come on, sheriff! We're glad to see you!"

The rest of us followed, replacing each his weapon in his pocket with a sigh of relief, and the men below left their horses with one of their number and ran toward us. While the big miner was shaking hands with the Indian the others thronged round, and before we had sense to understand we were trapped, we were all thrown and disarmed!

"Injun, you done it to the queen's taste!" growled a man with cloth across his face. "Hold my gun till I see what's what. You shoot the first prisoner that wiggles."

Several others laid their rifles beside the stolid Nez Percé and rushed after the leader, evidently suspicious of his fairness and anxious to share in the plunder.

"You're a—a—" But the big man's voice failed him as he backed against the steep bank, menaced by the rifle that the Indian pointed at our little group.

The robbers were gleefully clearing out the boot of the stage.

"I staked on your being square, Indian," the big man lamented. "I told 'em so here. I stood good for you. I've always said the Nez Percés of your brand were square. I've punched men that said 'twasn't so. It has—has sort of been my hobby," he quavered, looking round at us who were cowering with him against the bank. "But I'll know how to treat Indians after this, and I'll hunt you up and begin with you!"

The Indian made no response. He was moving round a bit, raking into a pile the guns that the eager treasure searchers had abandoned to his care. They were evidently certain of the trustiness of the man.

A more sickening piece of treachery had never confronted us, and we were almost ready to brave death and rush on the scoundrel. The tense muscles of the miner and the working of his face showed that he meditated some desperate action.

But at that moment a veritable rain of men came down the steep bank and fell upon the robbers, two to one. To our astonishment the Nez Percé flung over the bank the rifles that he had collected and leveled his weapon on the highwaymen who attempted to flee past him.

It was all over in an instant, for Sheriff Pomlow's posse—the latest arrival on the scene—numbered nearly two score men. Not a shot was fired. The robbers were trussed up like calves bound for market.

"No, it isn't queer either!" panted the sheriff, snapping the perspiration from his forehead with his finger and addressing the stammering miner. "It's the slickest catch ever worked in this section. Indian got to Stites fifteen minutes ahead of the cow-puncher; that's him in the checkered jacket. It gave me time to think. Saw cow-puncher getting together his crowd on the sly. Sent Indian back on the trail so he'd fall in with 'em natural-like and offer to let 'em bait

their hook with him. He being afoot gave 'em a slow march, and when he got here he saved you from fighting reckless and getting hurt. See? Wasn't it a great idea? My crowd hoofed it by the Hawk Brook cut-off and have been waiting on that rim rock for half an hour. We've caught 'em busy, as we planned, and catching 'em busy makes two points in our favor: first, they can't bluff it out and say that they were only cow-punchers bound back to Camas City, same as they've bluffed before; second, when robbers are busy a-robbing their guns are laid down. See? I say it's the slickest thing ever operated in this state. Whew! I feel good! Not a gun fired. All up to the court now. By the way, that Injun gave me a valise that he seemed choice of, and I left it in the post-office safe."

We walked past and shook hands with the Nez Percé. For the next few minutes not a word was said. There didn't seem to be anything that we could say to him just then.

BELOVED ACRES *By John H. Hamlin*



LIZABETH CRAYMORE had been in San Francisco one week. There was nothing about the city that appealed to her. The stuffy little apartment with its wall beds, its kitchenette, its outlook on a court, seemed to stifle her. She longed for the sweeping expanse of the ranch, the airy rooms of the ranch house, the glory of the view extending from mountain range to mountain range and over the broad acres of the valley between.

But the cousins with whom she was staying were city-bred and said they were delighted with their mode of living. For the apartment was in the downtown district, convenient to offices and shops, and both Cousin Will and his wife, Edna, worked. There was a minimum of housework to attend to in the cubbyhole; delicatessen shops were near at hand, and Edna used all sorts of short cuts and conveniences for preparing the meals.

Beth had not delayed in reporting to the office of Brind & Co. and was hired immediately. Mr. Brind had been kind, for, although Beth's six months' training in the business college at Reno had given her a fair foundation, she was not an expert typist and stenographer. However, she applied herself faithfully, studied evenings, and by the end of the first week Mr. Brind complimented her on her improved work.

But the office was dingy, crowded with littered desks, noisy with the clack of typewriters and the chatter of employees and incoming patrons. Beth was one of hundreds of girls who scurried down the windy, gloomy streets, intent upon reaching an office by the stroke of nine, and who filed out at noon to stand in line at a cafeteria or snatch a quick lunch at some inexpensive tea room. At five o'clock the closing of desks and the rush to get out of the office seemed to be contagious. The work was devoid of excitement, the routine deadly. There was no scope, no outlook; and Beth, even though she did her best to concentrate on her work and forget the great outdoors, grew homesick. Every time she copied a deed it reminded her of the ranch; a bill of sale sent a shudder through her heart; she got to wondering how many tragedies were interwoven with the transfer of property. But as the days dragged on there seemed to Beth to be a pitiful lack of heart in the big, artificial city. The defiles that were streets in the business section were cold and uninviting.

She compared them with the stream-fed, tree-arched cañons in the mountains behind the ranch, but they seemed only the more dismal for the comparison.

She listened attentively to what went on in the office of her real-estate firm, which had a first-class reputation. It was all strictly business, never a mingling of sentiment; of that she was convinced. The girl wondered whether her clinging, deep-seated memories of those beloved acres which meant more to her than anything else in the world were making her morbid.

She longed to find some one with whom she could talk of congenial topics; but the girls who worked at the neighboring desks chattered of bargains in waists and stockings and of the young men they knew and spent any remaining leisure time in looking into the mirrors of their vanity boxes. Beth powdered her nose, but she had not yet become a slave to a vanity box.

Towards the middle of the second week a salesman whose duties kept him outside the office most of the day dictated a letter to Beth. It had to do with an option on a city lot that was listed at a figure out of all proportion to its small size. Beth interrupted the dictation, wishing to make sure that she had got the amount correct.

"Yes, that's right. Awful, isn't it? Enough to buy a good-sized ranch," said the young salesman, studying her with his blue eyes.

She nodded her head, puzzled, for there was something familiar about the expression in his eyes, the firm modeling of his lips and chin. He continued with his dictation and at the end of it sat back in his chair; he said he would wait for the letter and then sign it.

Beth transcribed her notes and handed him the letter. When he read it over and gave it back to her with his signature appended Beth involuntarily murmured: "Oh, so that's the reason!"

"Pardon me, did you speak?" inquired the salesman.

"Excuse me, I really didn't mean to, but now that I know your name I can understand why I thought I had seen you before. You resemble a Mr. John Springer at Glenning," said Beth, feeling a glad little thrill at finding some one in the city who was even remotely connected with the country she loved.

"You know father? When did you see him last?" Keen interest shone in his eyes, which were so like those of the elder John Springer. He leaned forward, eager for her answer.

"Less than a month ago. It was he that gave me the letter to Mr. Brind."

"He gave you a letter to Mr. Brind? I wonder why Brind didn't mention it to me. Tell me, how long have you known my father?"

"I met him just this summer," said Beth, slightly bewildered at Springer's manner. "He motored out to our ranch. The last time I saw him was in Glenning. He was very nice to me."

"Did—er—did he say anything about me, Miss—er—let me see, I don't believe anybody's introduced us," stammered Jack Springer, confused.

"I am Miss Craymore," acknowledged Beth, ignoring his question, but smiling at the informality of the introduction.

"Craymore? Craymore? Any relation of Grayson Craymore?"

"His sister."

"Why, I knew Grayson! He was a junior when I was a senior at Stanford. But—but—" He checked the question that his wonder why a Craymore should be working in Brind & Co.'s office had prompted him to ask. "Then you live up in that region? Say, this is interesting! But perhaps I am interfering with your work?"

Beth glanced at the papers piled on her desk, and young Springer jumped to his feet. "Listen, Miss Craymore, I want to ask you no end of questions about my father, and, since you know him, you won't object if his son asks to call, will you? Please say I may come,—this very night,—won't you? I know you will understand when I tell you I haven't heard a word from father or talked with anyone who has seen him in ages."

Jack was impetuous and in deadly earnest.

"Why, I shall be pleased to have you call," replied Beth cordially, and she gave him the address of her cousin.

Beth wondered why Mr. Springer had failed to mention his son's connection with the firm to which he had recommended her; she wondered also at the son's admission that he had not heard from his father. Naturally she was curious to see him again, but it was not her curiosity alone that caused her to anticipate his call so pleasantly. Here was some one in the big, indifferent city who could appreciate the things she liked, talk comprehensively of the country! She need not treat him as a complete stranger, for he knew her brother, and she was acquainted with his father. Beth was glad when the hands of the clock pointed to five. She was as active as the other girls in clearing and closing her desk.

Jack Springer rang the bell that evening before Beth had finished dressing. Cousin Will admitted him, and Edna assisted her in completing her toilet.

"There, you look just sweet, Beth," said Edna. "That blue georgette is very becoming to you. My, but your cheeks are pink! Run along now, dear; men hate to be kept waiting."

When Beth appeared in the doorway Jack Springer strode forward with outstretched hand. He was a manly-looking fellow, taller than his father, not sandy, but blond, with a pallor caused by San Francisco fogs and indoor work. Even so there was a certain breezy manner about him that betokened a man who has spent his youthful days in the country.

"It was kind of you, Miss Craymore, to let me come," he said heartily.

"Then I believe we are both pleased," said Beth, introducing Cousin Edna to her new-found friend.

It was not long before the city cousins showed signs of being bored by the torrent of rural conversation. They said they were glad that young Springer had called and left the room.

Thereupon the young man moved his chair close to Beth's. "You never answered my question this afternoon, Miss Craymore. Did father say anything to you about me?"

Beth shook her head. "I was thinking of that very thing after you left."

"Funny, isn't it, that I should be pouring out my troubles to you, but the moment you spoke father's name—well, I got sort of choked up."

"Why, Mr. Springer!" Beth had suddenly remembered a chance phrase of the elder,

Springer's: "Something wrong with the young men of today; that's a mighty tender subject with me." Of course there had been a misunderstanding between father and son; Beth's sympathy was awakened.

"It was like this," Jack explained. "Father was crazy to have me follow in his footsteps, raise sheep and spend my years in the country, looking after his holdings. He said that that was the only life for a young man. That's nearly three years ago, Miss Craymore. I was just a smart Alec, fresh from college and wild to set the financial world on fire. The city was the only place that seemed good to me. I thought I was sick and tired of ranches and sheep talk and all that. Father offered to set me up in splendid shape—turn over his ranges, ranch and everything. I laughed at him. He got sore, couldn't see the city at all; he said it was the ruination of too many promising young men, and I couldn't see the country—then. We argued back and forth; both of us losing our tempers. Poor mother! I've often thought how it would have grieved her had she been alive—"

"But surely, Mr. Springer, you two grown men didn't let a difference like that estrange you for three whole years?" said Beth in dismay.

"That was what started it. I got to speculating in stocks—lost what little money I had in my own name—asked father for enough to tide me over—sank that in another scheme. He settled up my indebtedness and advised me in pretty plain terms what manner of fool I was, and that I needn't look to him for further financial help until I had proved that I had acquired a grain of common sense. Oh, sure, I fired back at him high and mighty as you please. And here I am, plugging away for Brind & Co. Yes, I do get a good salary and pick up a fair commission now and then, but do you know, Miss Craymore, I never knew how much I've missed my splendid old father or how hungry I was to hear about him till you mentioned his name this afternoon!"

"Why don't you write and tell him so? Or, better still, go up and see him?" suggested Beth.

"I ought to, I certainly ought to—and I want to. What do you think, would he be glad to see me? Excuse me, Miss Craymore, but you're not keeping anything back, are you? Father was looking well? He—he—didn't send any message to me or speak of me at all?"

Again Beth shook her head.

"Well, I don't blame him, not in the least; only I was hoping maybe he might have hinted something to show he was sorry too."

Jack wrinkled up his brows, and Beth, though she sympathized with him, was forced to smile.

"Men are funny creatures," she mused.

"I've let things drift too long," continued Jack. "I heard he had sold his ranch, the one he wanted me to take over—disposed of most of his sheep too. Anyhow, Miss Craymore, it's done me a heap of good to have had this talk with you. You'll forgive me, won't you?"

Jack looked the big, tender-hearted boy that he was, and Beth felt that she had come to know him better in that short call than she had ever come to know other men with whom she had been acquainted for years.

He asked her about Grayson, and then the talk swerved to Craymore Acres; but Beth did not explain that night why she was in San Francisco.

"I want to see you often, Miss Craymore," he said in parting. "You are as refreshing as a breath of mountain air. If I can help you in your work there at the office, don't hesitate to call on me, will you?"

Beth assured him that she wouldn't, and after that their acquaintance ripened into a friendship that their common interests deepened.

More than a month slipped by before Beth broached the subject of Craymore Acres. By that time she was really interested in Jack Springer; she heard much of him at the office, where he was popular and was considered as an efficient and trustworthy salesman.

"You mean to tell me that you want to



DRAWN BY CHARLES LASSELL

"I want to see you often, Miss Craymore," he said in parting

sell Craymore Acres!" he exclaimed when Beth had given him her reason for becoming associated with a real-estate firm.

"No; I do not want to sell, but it is something that cannot be helped. Your father recommended Brind & Co. when the question of selling came up. As yet I have said nothing to Mr. Brind about the ranch. I do not believe he even knows there is such a place. Now what I want to find out, Mr. Springer, is this: would it be possible for mother and me to keep our half interest in the ranch and dispose of the other half? Could such a transaction be made? You see, mother will be satisfied if the boys get their money; then she would be willing to retain her share to please me. I love that place dearly. Mother understands, for she too lets her heart rule her head. Of course I could have gone to our lawyer and asked him all these questions, but somehow I just wanted to ferret things out for myself."

"Why, yes; we have put through deals similar to that," replied Jack. "I'll wager the boys will be sorry later on; I'd like to give them a talk that would convert them into back-to-the-farm boosters."

But Beth knew better. She related her experiences of the summer: how she had tried to interest both Grayson and Ward in the ranch, but without avail. Jack Springer listened to Beth's vivid recital: the episode of the treacherously lifted gates of the reservoir, the cloudburst, Clotilde's party, the arrest and conviction of Merceau, his father's talk to her. And whenever Beth paused he begged her to tell him more, more. The girl had no complaint to offer at last about not finding some one who was engrossed in the things she loved.

"Why, that is all wonderful!" he exclaimed. "You're a brick, Beth Craymore! Wait a minute, let me get out a pencil and pad of paper. Now give me an idea what the income from the grain, cattle and so forth amounts to. Do you mind?"

It was a Saturday afternoon, and the two had gone out to Golden Gate Park, which was the nearest thing to country within reasonable reach. They were seated on a rustic bench beneath a clump of cedars, and for three solid hours they remained there, eagerly figuring and estimating.

"And you say you haven't placed this business of selling with Brind & Co.?" inquired Jack.

"No. I—well, you'll call it a silly woman's reason, but I wanted to become informed in real-estate methods—find out what could be done in disposing of a half interest in the ranch. And I wanted to be right where I could see prospective buyers, study them and learn for myself just what sort of people might take a fancy to the ranch. You see, I shouldn't care to be partners with some one

who might not be agreeable, or who didn't truly like the country."

"Nothing silly about that," retorted Jack, wagging his head wisely. "You strike me as being mighty capable and foresighted."

"Why don't you add 'for a woman'?" inquired Beth, smiling.

"You can better believe I'm thankful you are a woman!" declared Jack, tucking his pencil into a pocket over his heart, which was beating much faster than normal.

"My goodness, Jack Springer, are you aware that the sun has set? Why, Cousin Edna will think I am lost! She hasn't a particle of confidence in my ability to find my way about the city. We must be going."

Beth arose, and Jack sprang to her side with alacrity.

"You'll let me know before you decide to list Craymore Acres with Brind & Co., won't you, Beth?" he asked; her name had fallen unconsciously from his lips.

"Why, yes," agreed the girl, blushing ever so slightly.

"Because, you see, if you once turned it over to Brind, why, I couldn't go ahead with this proposition on my own account. And I am interested, Beth; I don't know when I've been so interested in anything as I am in Craymore Acres."

It was the evening of the third day following that confidential discussion in Golden Gate Park that Jack Springer telephoned to Beth, asking permission to call and bring a gentleman with him. His voice sounded husky with excitement, and when she had assented to his request Beth thought he hung up the receiver abruptly.

"He has acted rather strangely of late," she decided, mentally reviewing his behavior or the past three evenings; for Jack had become a regular caller.

Beth donned her prettiest gown. Cousin Edna, with an eye to what was most becoming, hovered about to see that the girl overlooked nothing that might set off her good looks. "Truly, Beth, you are the living image of that charming old daguerreotype of Grandmother Grayson!" she exclaimed.

"You couldn't pay me a more beautiful compliment, Edna; I fear that you flatter your little country cousin," said Beth, and a flush similar to Grandmother Grayson's mantled her cheeks and brow.

"There, I heard footsteps approaching, my dear. You run along and admit Jack and his friend!" cried Edna, gently pushing Beth out of the room and into the tiny reception hall.

When Beth opened the door Jack Springer loomed big and beaming beneath the shaded hall lamp, and there was a tingling pressure in his handclasp. Beth was vaguely aware of a figure bulking close behind Jack, and she peered through the dim light, trying to distinguish the stranger.

Jack swung against the open door, reached an arm outwards and encircled the broad shoulders of the friend whom he had asked permission to bring. "I believe you have met my father, Beth," he announced proudly.

"Why—w-why! Oh, this is a surprise! I am so glad to see you again, Mr. Springer!" gasped Beth, and her dark eyes were alight with heartfelt pleasure to think that the estrangement between the father and the son was at an end.

"The pleasure is all mine, I assure you, Miss Craymore," said Mr. Springer, senior, grasping the trembling little hand that Beth extended to him. "Jack here has been talking of nothing but Beth ever since I landed early this morning. Guess I'll have to call you Beth too, eh?"

"I should like to have you, Mr. Springer," replied Beth a trifle nervously.

"Telegraphed for father last Saturday evening, Beth. He made quick time, didn't he?" said Jack boyishly.

"Humph! Not when you stop to think I've been waiting three years for some such message," growled Mr. Springer, shaking his grizzled head like an affectionate old bear.

"And, Beth, I've got to tell you everything right away quick—can't hold in any longer," said Jack excitedly. "Haven't thought of a thing but Craymore Acres since our talk out there in the park. I've gone over it with father from start to finish, and I believe I've got him going too."

"Come, Jack, I'd have you understand you're addressing a clever little business woman," his father warned him, trying to hide the broad smile that was spreading over his face.

"Remember, Beth, that first letter I dictated to you?" said Jack.

"Indeed and I do," said Beth, nodding her head rapidly to cover the agitation that was sending strange little thrills up and down her spine.

"That lot was sold. I made the deal and cleaned up over two thousand five hundred as my part of the commission. The firm always allow a good percentage on a deal picked up outside the office. Adding that to what I already had on deposit in the bank brings my available cash up to ten thousand five hundred dollars and some odd cents, which is within four thousand five hundred dollars of the sum required as a first payment on one half of Craymore Acres. Father's going to advance me the difference and stand surety for me. All that is necessary now to entitle me to half interest in the ranch is your approval of me as partner!"

Jack Springer jumped out of his chair in his enthusiasm and stood on tiptoes, awaiting Beth's answer.

Beth too was on her feet; her eyes were shining; her hands were uplifted in a gesture of supreme happiness. "Oh, I do! I do approve of you!" It was a glad cry straight from her heart, and Mr. Springer, senior, was momentarily forgotten while the young people gazed rapturously into each other's eyes.

Beth recovered her poise first, although the blush that mantled her cheeks showed that she realized how impetuously she had given her answer. "How can I ever thank you, Mr. Springer!" said she, going directly to the older man.

He folded her outstretched hands tenderly within his own warm clasp. "My dear Beth, what you have already done has given me a happiness that words cannot express." Then he turned to his son. "Jack, if I were a young man I'd never rest content till I'd won a partnership in something infinitely more sweet than Craymore Acres!"

THE END.

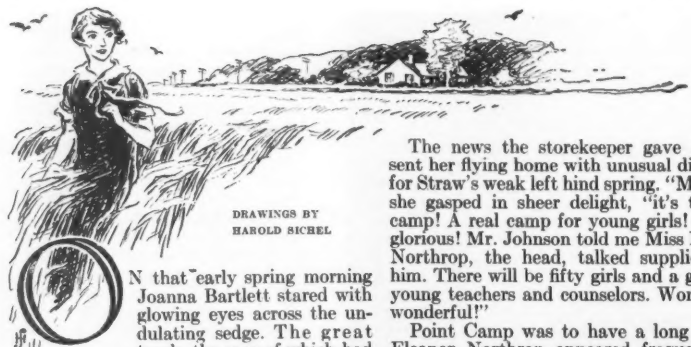
WHAT RELATION WAS SHE TO THE OTHERS?

THE young man carefully observed the number on the door of the neat brick dwelling, then mounted the steps and rang the bell. This was the conversation that followed when the maid opened the door.

"Is Mr. Perkins at home?" he inquired.

"Which one, sir? There are three brothers living here," said the maid.

For a moment the caller looked puzzled, then he had an idea. "The one who has a sister living in St. Louis," he explained.



N that early spring morning Joanna Bartlett stared with glowing eyes across the undulating sedge. The great truck, the roar of which had tolled her out, had not continued on the back road to the cranberry bogs, but had stopped at the point to unload lumber.

"It is!" she cried joyously. "Neighbors are coming—neighbors! I must find out when they are going to build."

Waving to her mother, she sped lightly into the field path that she herself kept open to the splendid grove of oak and cedar and swamp maple that stood where the creek turned sharply and vanished into the pine wilderness. At once the sedge closed round her like a sea. You know the kind that grows in sandy old fields near water? In spring it comes forth vividly green at the roots of the old, dry stalks. In summer, shot knee high, it begins to tone in with the previous growth, now weakening. Waist high it is in fall and red brown. Through the winter it wears a yellow coat except when frost mists and wet snows bedeck it in glittering crystal.

Even when in fall or in spring it was burnt over for safety's sake it fascinated Joanna Bartlett. Nothing burns like sedge when powder-dry. It explodes into flame at the touch of a spark. The base burns through as the tip flares, and gusty winds snatch blazing handfuls to sow new crops of flame ahead. Golden red, roaring, twisting, leaping high, the fire tongues rush forward, leaving black wastes behind. Yet so rapid is the burning that lower growths suffer little and spring up, refreshed, with the next rain.

To Joanna the fan-shaped field of sedge appeared a restless sea rippling in the wind, beating against the creek thickets, the point and the pine wilderness at the far edge. She lived, so to speak, at the tip of the handle, where the tiny yellow cottage and the garden filled the gap between railway and water. As stream and rail diverged the fan widened to half a mile and extended almost as far.

The speeding girl fitted into the scene. She was a brown slip of a thing, though more wiry than her slenderness implied. She had warm hazel eyes, sunny brown hair and a skin delicately tanned by outdoor life. Her clothes were brown; she loved the warm brown tones, although she always added a bit of vivid color. Today it was a bluebird-blue ribbon at her throat.

"What is going to happen?" she demanded breathlessly of the driver.

"Just a camp, I reckon."

"If it were only a home!" Joanna lamented. She walked back thoughtfully. "The families using these camp shacks are here so little that it's hard to get acquainted. But there may be some one."

Joanna was in the full tide of longings that eighteen years of age may bring. She loved the pinelands, the colorful creek, the wild life that invaded yard and garden, but she longed for young people, for a girl chum. In certain moments of rebellion she thought of her home as like some wild creature's burrow hidden from humankind. The road by the door was but a crease in the green. The trains roared by. Campers paddled by without stopping. Even the hum of motors that made her look upward betokened only faster flittings by—aeroplane winging to Lakehurst or Camp Dix or perhaps the misty, silvery bulk of the Shenandoah or the Los Angeles following down the creek line from their hangar. Not another house was in sight. There she dwelt with the mother who needed her and the father who handled the lonely block signal station down the track.

Joanna ate little at lunch that day. "I wish, I wish there'd be a girl of my age!"

"Joanna,"—her mother smiled understandingly,— "won't you run Straw to the village for one or two little things I need?"

Joanna's laugh rippled. "If you need things, I'll go gladly," she replied.

She chugged down the rutty road, jouncing on Straw's rather saggy springs. Straw was short for Strawberry; wild berries from the sedge field had produced the money for the purchase of the little car.

The news the storekeeper gave Joanna sent her flying home with unusual disregard for Straw's weak left hind spring. "Mother," she gasped in sheer delight, "it's to be a camp! A real camp for young girls! Isn't it glorious! Mr. Johnson told me Miss Eleanor Northrop, the head, talked supplies with him. There will be fifty girls and a group of young teachers and counselors. Won't it be wonderful!"

Point Camp was to have a long season. Eleanor Northrop appeared frequently to direct proceedings. She was a tall, fair girl, evidently capable. At times she stopped at the cottage for information. Once she lunched with the Bartletts, and so intense was her own interest in her project that it took only a question to start her going regarding plans and organizations. Joanna listened spellbound.

Eleanor had her own questions too—about the creek, the boating and bathing, the walks and tramps. Joanna answered helpfully from full knowledge. She made certain suggestions also, as for example about the sedge.

"You ought to burn it off, Miss Northrop. It's on your land. And after this long drought it's powder-dry and dangerous."

"The idea!" There was a touch of ridicule in Eleanor's laugh. "Do you suppose I'd have a blackened waste to greet my youngsters when they arrive? Don't you worry. Some one will always be about the place to attend to any little blaze."

Joanna said no more about the matter, but her mind was running steadily now on the camp. And suddenly as opening time approached an idea struck her that made her gasp with its delightful possibilities. She considered it from every angle before she mustered courage to broach the subject to Miss Northrop.

One day she was driving her to the village on errands. "Do-do you think, Miss Northrop,"—overeagerness made Joanna shy,— "there might be a little corner in your force for me to fill? I—I know the region well, and I taught a season in country school, and—and I love young girls! It isn't the salary that matters; it's just—just working with them."

Eleanor Northrop stared at her in astonishment. Joanna thought afterwards it was as if Eleanor were looking at her for the first time. "I am sorry," she answered, "but my staff is practically complete. You see, it's—it's vital to have a successful first year here. I haven't time to train helpers. So I am bringing out experienced girls and teachers, used to handling children and able to think and act right in the emergencies that arise. But you will drop in and see us of course."

So that ended that. Joanna accepted the decision and concealed the hurt and disappointment. She had felt equal to the work. Now the tone as much as the words of this efficient young person beside her had made her less confident. This new life too was just to be watched as it passed by.

But the longing and the hurt deepened as

the attractive staff girls appeared and then the first of the children. The woods and the creek woke to new music. Singing and laughter floated to her, and through the trees at night the camp fire gleamed. But the sea of sedge separated Joanna from it all. Once she had gone over of an evening only to find all so wrapped in the camp and its life that she felt herself utterly apart. Rarely a group of children and a counselor passed the cottage.

A little bitterness crept into Joanna's heart. She almost wished the camp would fail. Then she caught herself up. It was something to have folk near, and in time, perhaps in a year or so, she might train herself for a place among them. Some fighting instinct raised its head to rouse her to conquer the unfitness the director had made her feel.

At present, seemingly, they considered her as fit only for errand girl. That grated, especially one sultry morning when a peculiar heaviness of sky betokened an early break in the long drought. Virtually all the camp folk had departed by boat for a hidden cove, one of Joanna's favorite places, but a member of the staff who had remained behind had run over to bear Miss Northrop's request that Joanna carry a certain order to the village. Joanna, went, feeling forlornly alone. For even her mother was away on a visit.

She came back exhausted by the close air and by the whirling, gritty dust demons along the road. Straw grumbled too, firing unevenly. In fact the motor pounded so hard that she set to work after lunch to find and correct the fault, cleaning spark plugs and testing ignition. Vaguely aware of dulling light and distant mutterings, she roused herself from her absorption only when a heavy freight train tore by and suffocating gasses whirled about her.

"A storm within an hour!" she exclaimed. "I hope they get the youngsters back before—"

Her eyes scanned the lower reaches of the creek. "There they come. They'll make it. But I must hurry this job."

With sensitive fingers she adjusted the carburetor control screws, soothing the irregular beat of the motor. It was roaring with power when something made her glance by the corner of the house. "From engine sparks!" she gasped, staring almost in panic at the sedge.

The sedge was ablaze! From track to creek it had raced, dying out along the garden and the fire strip that Joanna kept clear. Now it was driving up the fan. Angry, golden-red flames leapt forward, swirls of dark smoke rolled up, and blazing wisps, whirling far ahead, started widening rings of fire as when a stone is cast into water! The fire was spreading beyond the camp!

"It will go!" Joanna sobbed. "The flames will be there in two minutes."

Vanished instantly was all hurt. Her brain was alert to save. No time to summon help! To run through to set a back fire was impossible; the fire could go as fast as she, and

DRY SEDGE

By Ernest L. Thurston

she should be ablaze in an instant. Nor was there time to work round the flanks. It seemed hopeless until—

"Can I?" she demanded of herself.

She sped to the kitchen and snatched a pail, matches and a burlap bag. Out again, she scrambled to the seat of the car and let in the clutch. She rounded the garage and faced the sedge as across it came faintly a panic-stricken: "Help! Help! Fire!"

"I must make it!" Joanna cried.

Straw speeded and struck the already blackened stubble. The car rocked and tossed and twitched over half-burnt clumps. Joanna strained at the thrashing wheel. More gas! The car leaped crazily after the racing flame. Fear shook Joanna as she closed in on the high-leaping tongues of fire that could touch the top of her car. She thought of her gas tank: Fortunately it was under the seat.

She drew a long breath and held it. Tossed and thrashed about, but making twice the speed of the flames now, she shot into the fire zone. Ducking behind her windshield, she dived through the fire breaker, feeling the licking flames, the choking smoke. Then she was by.

Bang! An old tire exploded. The sudden side pull almost tossed her out, but somehow she and the wheel held. She sped through the unburnt sedge toward the pavilion and the girl standing there frantically wringing her hands. Then Joanna detected an odor and noticed a swirl of smoke beneath her. Somewhere her car had caught fire. It would go unless—

"Straw," she said to it, "you won't like it, but it's the only chance."

She shot into the woods lane and by the corner of the pavilion to the bank of the creek above the swimming pool. Reaching one hand down to toss out the pail, the bag and an oily rag, she braked sharply, shut off the spark and jumped.

Straw shot down. Splash! Sizzle! It hit the water, floated an instant low at the head and then settled under water, protected against even an oil blaze.

Joanna pulled herself from the edge of the pool where she had landed and, thankful for the wetting that would now be a protection, picked up her pail to fill it and laughed aloud at an inconsequential incident. "The surprise of your life, Mr. Snapper!" she cried.

The thirty-pound snapping turtle sunning itself on the springboard had been hit by a wave from the plunging car before it had awakened to its approach and had toppled crazily into the water.

Joanna, clambering up the bank with pail and rags, came face to face with Grace Oldham, the lone counselor at hand; Grace was white-faced and trembling.

"Get pails," Joanna ordered sharply. "Fill them and set them beside the shacks."

She herself ran into the sedge, facing the wall of fire, which was near three-quarters across now. With trembling fingers she lit the oily rag and ran along the front, touching the blazing cloth at frequent intervals. The back fire flared up on her trail.

Breathing hard, she ran back to the starting point, caught up her bag and began beating out the back fire flame on the woods side. Swift and sure, making every stroke leave a blackened spot, she fought the danger edge of her own fire until the great wall of the main fire rolled in on her, throwing ahead a scorching heat. Then Joanna leaped back for safety.

"Score one!" she gasped.

The angry billow of flame, striking the narrow safety belt, collapsed as if soused with water. Still at two spots it jumped across, and the whirling wind gusts sprayed wisps of flame across at many points. Running hither and yon, Joanna beat out the worst. But steadily others grew larger. Could she conquer all?

"The pavilion—the roof!" came Grace's excited voice. "It's ablaze!"

"Take my bag and beat out the ground fires," ordered Joanna.

She swung open the pavilion door. A heave and a small table tumbled out. A chair followed. Putting the chair on the table, she clambered to the roof. A well-aimed dash of water and the blaze was out. Then she was

"Coats, blankets, pine branches!" she cried



down again, ripping a camp blanket in two and wielding it on the blazing brush. Suddenly through smoke-dimmed eyes she made out dim figures running up.

"Coats, blankets, pine branches!" she cried. "Beat out these flames!"

She moved to the right to make room and then noticed two girls beating. "Get behind the flame!" she ordered sharply. "Take it from the rear."

She saw a flaming twig alight in the eaves of the kitchen shack. "Some one on every roof!" she shouted.

A capable voice took her up: "Grace, the pavilion. Janet, the kitchen. Margaret, the mess hall."

Joanna straightened to estimate the situation. Beyond in the pines the fire was roaring. A red line was creeping round back against the wind. "Some one to help me!" she called.

She ran unsteadily, aware of some one following. They counterattacked on that flanking line.

They ripped it up, beat it out, crunched punklike glows under their heels. And after a long while a feeling of dampness penetrated the acrid smoke clouds. There came a vivid flash, a crash, instantaneous and deafening, and the clouds opened.

"Come!" Joanna suddenly realized that it was Eleanor beside her. "The rain will finish it. The camp's safe. If you hadn't come, I'm not so sure—"

"I am!" Eleanor Northrop's voice broke oddly. "Joanna, through my glass I saw from the boats what you did. It was—oh, I can't speak of it yet!"

In the pavilion they sat quietly hand in hand while the storm raged outside. Others came up, but Eleanor waved them off. Then the tempest swept on, leaving a freshened, fragrant world. Even bits of green showed in the sedge area.

"In a week," prophesied Joanna, "it will get quite green again. I—"

She stopped to watch Margaret, the swimming instructor, diving gracefully into the pool with a long rope.

Down for long seconds, then up and down again she went before she finally swam ashore.

"Catch hold, everybody," she called.

They lined up eagerly, the bedraggled staff fighters and the youngsters. They dug heels in and pulled hard.

Suddenly from the water popped a dark object the sight of which brought Joanna to her feet.

"Come, meet your car," said Eleanor, laughing. "I do hope it stood its wetting."

Inch by inch Straw appeared, a little forlorn and saggy and festooned with eel grass, but seemingly in fair shape.

"These cushions," began Eleanor, "perhaps, maybe—oh!" She leaped back with a shudder as something rapped the inside door close to her hand.

Margaret, springing forward, jumped back as swiftly. The craning circle of heads expressed dismay and fear. The old snapper exploring the intruder in its domain had been caught within the car. It was angry and alert; its red eyes were ablaze, and its head was shooting like a projectile at a stick held near.

Joanna's laugh rippled sweetly. She pushed forward. "I know this fellow," she said. "He's only excited."

Picking up a small stick, she opened the door and attracted the snapper's attention with it. Then her free hand flashed to the turtle's tail. A jerk and the reptile somersaulted into the water.

There were sharp intakings of breath. Then the group completely overwhelmed Joanna. She was confused by it; and besides, she was very, very tired. So Eleanor rescued her.

"You've been wonderful," she said with a little choke in her voice.

"I'm so, so glad you're not homeless!" declared Joanna thankfully.

"It was entirely due to your nerve and two minutes of clear thinking," declared Eleanor.

"May I—will it disturb you if I come and work on Straw after dinner?" asked Joanna diffidently. "The wires, you know—there's much to dry out."

"It will disturb me if you don't come to dinner," replied Eleanor, laughing.

Young voices interrupted them: "Miss Joanna, Miss Joanna, we want you at our table! May we, Miss Northrop? Our counselor has gone, you know."

"Yes," explained Eleanor. "Helen was called home. You must come and to all the meals you can. Your mother must come too, but you must fill Helen's place, dear."

"But—but," Joanna's heart sang, even though she could not take what was offered—"I couldn't really, Miss Northrop. I've so much to learn and—and to meet emergencies, you know. Perhaps another year."

"What did you meet today, dear?" Eleanor's voice was sweet and low. "Joanna, I'm sorry I ever suggested you could not use your head."

"But you see—" Joanna felt almost on the defensive—"I knew how sedge fires act. I've seen them before. There was just one thing to do—with that wind. So I did it. I wouldn't have you give me the position just because I helped save the camp. I might fail you."

Eleanor's laugh rippled girlishly. She

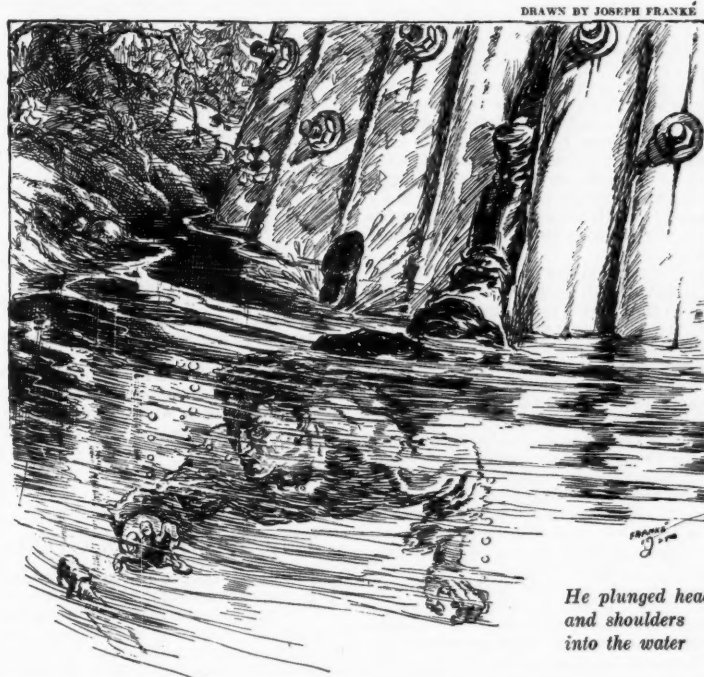
headed Joanna toward the path that showed clear now across the sedge.

"March!" she ordered. "Rest, dress and be back at six, or the camp will revolt. If I may not change my mind about you because of this fire fighting, I shall certainly change it because of the way you handled that old snapper."

Slowly Joanna walked across the sedge field; the fragrant earth scents were rising; the burnt odors were already gone. She turned and gazed back at the camp buildings. Probably she did not see the blackened area at all.

"Miss Joanna, hurry!" a child's voice came faintly.

"How lovely a world it is!" Joanna said to herself, waving back.



The LUCKY ELBOW

By Irvin Dunegan

WHEN the wrench slipped from Tom Hendry's hand and clattered down the apron of the Rock Springs dam his first rueful impulse was to throw his hat after it. Perilously perched halfway up the sloping face of peeled logs laid side by side, he had been tightening the long vertical sticks in place.

The dam, which was of timber, lay across the stream like a wedge with the blunt apex uppermost. Its steeply sloping sides, or aprons, faced up and down the deep gorge. The hollow interior of the wedge was to be filled with muck and gravel. As yet it was only a maze of log crib-work and braces strengthened by heavy steel rods and the long bolts over the outside ends of which Tom had been perspiring.

Rock Creek ran black and swift, gurgling and eddying as it sucked past the logs of the up-stream apron. Tom could hear it forty feet below him, and the sound was not reassuring. His was ticklish work, and he had no taste for a rough slide and a ducking in the cold pool.

All morning he had crawled over the apron, clinging with one hand to the bolt ends, with the other manœuvring the wrench. Five minutes before the noon whistle he had encountered a rusted bolt the corroded nut of which resisted every effort to turn it.

"Thunder," Tom had muttered; "what I need is more leverage."

He called to Ryan, the red-headed foreman, to bring him a few feet of pipe from the air-compressor shed. He intended to slip an end of the pipe over the handle of his wrench, lengthening it temporarily to bring greater leverage to bear upon the rusted nut. Ryan selected a four-foot piece with an elbow at one end. He looked round for a pipe wrench to remove the elbow, but, not finding one, carried the pipe over and lowered it to Tom. "I've no wrench to get that

elbow off," said Ryan. "Maybe you can get it off with yours," he added and turned away.

Tom, who had only one hand free, was in no mood or position to unscrew elbows; he let the tricky curve remain. In a moment he had fitted the straight end of the pipe loosely over the handle of the wrench. He braced himself for a mighty pull. Glaring at the bolt, he threw the power of his sturdy shoulders into a tremendous heave that would have done credit to a varsity oarsman. The nut turned easily, and Tom, overbalanced by the force of his pull, toppled backwards. A frantic clutch barely saved him from a nasty roll down the bristling incline. The wrench, released, hung from the nut for an instant and then dropped and slid down the apron into the water.

Just then the noon whistle blew, and the crew started up the trail to camp. Tom started clambering down from his perch to follow them; the bolts jutting from the timbers at intervals of two or three feet were a sort of ladder. As he came near the bottom he decided that he would find out where the wrench was before he went in to camp.

"I'll wash my hands in the creek anyhow," he said to himself, "even though I don't get the wrench."

He slid down carefully, certain that one foot was solidly planted on a big octagonal nut before he ventured to lower the other. His fingers sought the crevices between the parallel timbers. Down he climbed till his boots were in the water.

Turning, he peered into the swirl, but for a time could see nothing. Then as he bent lower he made out the wrench caught between the logs a few feet below the surface. Wriggling round, he clung to the timbers and planned how best to recover it. "It's not past the reach of my arm," thought he, "if once I can get down to it."

Tom rolled up his sleeve and thrust his

arm into the water, but his fingers touched nothing except the slimy wood. He straightened up. Again he tried and again he failed. He was angry; his shirt was wet, and he had nothing to show for his efforts.

"It's time for dinner," he muttered, "but that wrench is so near I hate to leave it."

Then he saw his chance. Between two of the logs, a little to one side, was a space of five or six inches, enough to admit his foot. He acted impulsively, with little thought of the danger. Catching the toe of one boot over a bolt head, he stuck the other boot between the logs and lowered himself head first along the apron.

The wrench was farther down in the water than he had thought. By dint of stretching he managed to hook two fingers into the elbow. Then he pulled gingerly, but the wrench, tight between the timbers, resisted. Tom stretched still farther until his face was in the water and jerked with all the strength that he could bring to bear from his awkward position. The wrench came loose, but the toe of his boot slipped from the bolt head, and he plunged head and shoulders into the water. The sudden weight coming on his prisoned left foot dragged it lower in the crevice and wedged it tight. Tom was in a trap. His body from the waist up was under water.

Strangling and spluttering, he raised himself upon his arms. His face broke above the surface, but the position was too painful to be endured long, and his head dropped back. Panic swept over him. He should be drowned!

Again he flung his head back and for a moment held it above the water. He coughed and then shouted, but he knew the futility of shouting; all the men were at camp, doubtless wondering why he was late for dinner.

His face dropped again, and holding his breath, he tried to think of a way out of his predicament. He could not keep his head above water, even at intervals, until the men came from dinner. It would be nearly an hour, and long before that time his cramped neck muscles would have given out entirely.

Tom forced his face into the air again and gulped in a great breath before he dropped back. The feeling of panic was stronger as he stared into the swirling green depths. He could not last. He heaved himself up again; it took more effort now. He had scarcely time for a sobbing breath before he was under once more.

He struggled to free his foot, but could not do it. Perhaps he could keep his face above by swimming. He beat the water frantically with his arms, but his free foot was useless and only hammered the logs, and his arms were not enough. Half strangled by his own flurry, he fell forward again, nearer exhaustion than before.

His hand encountered the wrench, the cause of all the trouble. Mechanically his fingers closed on it, and with the feel of the round pipe came inspiration. Here was a hollow tube that would admit air to him even under water! He dropped with his face and chest against the timbers and tugged with the remnant of his strength till the pipe came loose in his hand.

Fire seemed to be in his lungs as he forced his head to the surface again and held the pipe as high as he could to drain it. A gush of water from the open elbow cascaded over his dripping face. He caught the crook between his teeth and, closing his lips firmly round the metal, lowered his head into the water again. He could breathe. Resting against the apron, he held the pipe with its open end above water, keeping the elbow to his mouth with one hand and closing his nostrils with the other. His position was uncomfortable but endurable.

Twenty minutes later Tom stood once more on solid footing surrounded by half the crew. "Are ye all right, lad?" Ryan was asking anxiously.

"Pretty good," gasped Tom, "and soon better—if you had the cook save dinner for me. I was all right, once I got that pipe to working, but I thought you were never coming."

"We missed ye," said Ryan, "and some of us come back early to see what was keepin' ye."

Tom declined Ryan's offer to "lend him a back" to camp. "My legs are hollow," said Tom, "but they'll carry me to dinner."

Ryan's smile broadened. "Shame to ye, Hendry," he said and chuckled, "for scarin' us in such fashion, an' you in the water only to your waist after all!"

Tom started up the trail. "Yes," he replied, laughing, "only in to my waist, but wrong end up!"

INTERNATIONAL



Austen Chamberlain

FACT AND COMMENT

CURIOSITY is like electricity, helpful or harmful according to the way we utilize it.

How shall he stand before the Throne
Who tried to climb to Heaven—alone?

GOOD FORTUNE often comes to us incognito; we don't recognize it till afterward, when we receive its benefactions.

"THE MYSTERY OF SCENT" is always an interesting topic of debate among sportsmen. "One of the mysteries of scent," says a writer in a British review, "is that certain animals have an extraordinary love for certain odors. A familiar example is the peculiar delight that a cat takes in valerian, but there are many other examples. Rats love oil of rhodium and aniseed, and lions seem to have a particular liking for oil of lavender. Stoats and weasels are attracted by musk, which keepsers use for anointing their traps."

VISIT THE ALPS in winter if you would see the stars at their brightest. To quote an enthusiastic traveler, "Nobody has ever seen the stars until he has visited the Alps in winter. I have heard a great deal of the glory of the Eastern night, but when I went to the East I was disillusioned. The stars that look down on the desert cannot be compared with those that greet us from the frosty depths of a winter sky in the Alps. No moon rivals the incomparable glory of the Alpine moon. In January I have read small print by moonlight." And what is true of the Alps is true also of our Rockies or Sierras—and even of the Appalachian ranges.

THE VOTERS in the Swiss canton of Grisons, which is very popular with tourists of all nations, have decided to exclude motor cars from the whole of that part of Switzerland. The issue was largely between town and country; the farmers were opposed to automobiles because they wear out the roads and thus increase the burden of taxation—a poor reason, for in spite of the wear and tear on roads the canton as a whole gains in wealth from its tourists. In other ways Grisons will benefit. There will be no accidents from careless driving, no vile odors of burnt gasoline, no raucous horns echoing harshly among the peaceful mountains.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT, that dainty little fellow who shoots up every spring as if to preach us a sermon on blessings to come, has an interesting relative. It is *Amorphophallus titanum*, a native of Sumatra. The plant has a funnel-shaped cup a yard or more in diameter and a spadix between four and five feet long. On March 13, 1924, an eminent botanist planted a particularly fine tubercle in his gardens at Buitenzorg, Java. Two months later the bud broke earth. On the twenty-fourth of June the spathe began to unroll, and four hours later the flower, which was then more than six feet high, appeared in all its beauty. Unfortunately the blossom has an exceedingly repulsive odor.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, the Indian philosopher and educator, writes as follows of his school: "When I started it I was fortunate in having almost all the naughty boys from the neighborhood. I never used any coercion or punishment. Most of us think that in order to punish boys who are wicked a restraint of their freedom is necessary. But

restriction itself is the cause of nature's going wrong. When mind and life are given full freedom they achieve health. I adopted the system of freedom-cure, if I can give it the name. The boys were allowed to run about, to climb difficult trees and often to come to grief in their falls. They would get drenched out in the rain; they would swim in the pond. Through nature's own method a cure came to these boys who were considered wholly bad, and when they returned home their parents were surprised to find the immense change effected."

A NEW PLAN FOR PEACE

LAST week we pointed out in this place that Great Britain, through its responsible ministry, had struck a blow at the Geneva protocol for arbitration and disarmament which was almost sure to be fatal to that instrument. Of course that was not because British statesmen of the Conservative party have no interest in restoring and maintaining peace. They have plans of their own, which they think will be more effective than the protocol, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the foreign minister, had hardly returned from Geneva before he rose in the House of Commons to explain what those plans are.

They are based very frankly on certain proposals that the German government has made to the British government. They assume the good faith of Germany and the sincerity of the German desire for peace, and they proceed on the theory that real peace can be had only through amicable agreements with Germany, and not through compulsion applied to that country. Mr. Chamberlain was careful to profess his deep friendship for France and to declare that Great Britain would loyally observe the treaty obligations that bound the two countries together. His idea was that it would be wise to find a basis on which Germany could become a partner in the same understandings.

Briefly, he proposed that Germany should become an equal member of the League of Nations, with a seat in the Council and a mandate over some, at least, of the colonies it held before the war. Then he proposed a pact between France, Belgium, Great Britain, Germany and Italy, by which all these nations should guarantee the boundaries established in western Europe by the treaty of Versailles. Mr. Chamberlain thinks the Germans are ready to do that and can be depended on to keep their word.

The present boundary lines in the east, where Germany marches with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, are not by this plan to be guaranteed, though Germany, we are told, is ready to pledge itself not to go to war about them. It would be at liberty to continue its attempts to get those frontiers revised either through negotiations with the Poles and the Czechs or through the agency of the League of Nations.

The policy that Mr. Chamberlain thus outlined is one so well suited to British needs and ideas that it is pretty sure to be popular at home. More, if it were carried into effect it would be a very real step toward peace of a permanent sort, certainly in western Europe. But the plan will not have plain sailing. It remains to be seen whether the German people will sustain their government in making the proposals on which Mr. Chamberlain's plan is based; it remains to be seen whether the French are ready to establish relations of confidence with Germany and whether they will think such a pact as is proposed sufficiently safeguards the security of their country against invasion. Finally, what will Poland and Czecho-Slovakia think about it all? Whatever they think, the western nations could, of course, enter into such an agreement as is proposed if they chose to; but France is so closely connected with the nations of the Little Entente by what almost amounts to an alliance that its government would hesitate a long time before it signed a treaty with Germany over the protests of its friends in eastern Europe.

CHAMPIONS

WHAT normal boy does not aspire to be a champion? What normal man does not enjoy seeing a champion in action? Until you have witnessed such a spectacle you have no conception of what human beings can sometimes do with hands and feet. Watch a champion tennis player making his

marvelously swift and accurate shots, or a champion golfer pitching the ball to the green within a few feet or even a few inches of the cup, or a champion skater pirouetting, whirling, circling, skimming, leaning at incredible angles yet never falling, acquiring fresh momentum in some mysterious way just when impetus seems all but exhausted—is there any spectator who does not long to know how it feels to do such miraculous things, to have the power and to enjoy the experience?

Fortunately, there are compensations for those who are not champions. They can console themselves with the thought that often the champion's pleasures and satisfactions have to be pretty dearly paid for. They are not merely the result of great natural talent, though of course without that talent he could never have experienced them. Persistent trying and training and concentration of a kind that has usually made the champion a person of rather limited interests are partly responsible for his astounding skill. To devote so much time and thought to gaining a special command over hands or feet must mean some neglect of the possibilities that are contained in the head; and the possibilities that are contained in the head are likely, as a means both of pleasure and of profit, to outlast those that are contained in the hands and the feet.

Yet we would not detract from the honor that is rightly due to anyone who wins a supreme place in any human endeavor. The champion is always astonishing, enlivening, deserving of applause; he gives pleasure to others, and he must have enormous pleasure in his performances himself. We salute him, we admire his skill and his strength; but we hope that when his day as champion is done we shall still, with what headpieces have been given us, and the use we are making of them, be working our laborious but increasingly interesting way upward.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

MEDICAL science has made wonderful advances during the last half century. Surgery has, perhaps, won even greater triumphs. We know a great deal more about the causes of disease than our fathers did, and we know much better than they how to prevent, to treat and to cure those ills to which our flesh is heir. The death rate has been cut in half within the memory of men not yet old.

But we are to buy these excellent things at a great price if they mean, as some people fear, the disappearance of the old family doctor. The young fellow in the modern medical school, we are told, looks forward to becoming a specialist. He thinks that the field of medical knowledge has widened so greatly that he can no longer hope to master more than a corner of it. He thinks, too, that a specialist has an easier life, and one that leads more quickly to fame and a large income. That is especially true since modern standards of medical education are closing the old country medical schools and sending the student to a more expensive institution in a great city. What is certainly true is that the young graduates, accustomed to the conveniences and stimulations of urban life, are not going out in large numbers into country practice. Thousands of villages in the United States have no physician; many of them are ten, twenty or thirty miles from the nearest doctor.

Whether in city or country, we cannot well spare the old family doctor. He is a necessity in any community, and usually the best-loved man in it. He values his profession not so much because it is one of the learned sciences as because it gives him an opportunity to be of service to his fellow men. He knows his patients; many of them he has known since babyhood. He understands their peculiarities, their faults, their virtues, the traits of their constitutions. He is patient, tireless, resourceful. Even his brusque manner—if he has one—is only a transparent, protective covering for a warm and sympathetic heart. He is more than a medical man; he is a wise counselor and friend. No one comes so close to the lives and affections of the whole community; no one, unless it be the minister, labors so unselfishly and continually for the good of his neighbors. How fortunate the village, the neighborhood, the district in the city that has one or two such citizens! How incomplete the community that lacks one!

We cannot regret the growth of medical science in precision, in learning and in technical skill. But we hope that growth will

not turn all our physicians into specialists, however distinguished. There will always be a place for the family doctor; a very great place that no one else can fill.

TORNADOES

THE tornado that killed so many people and destroyed so much property in Missouri, Illinois and Indiana last month was a very typical example of a kind of storm that is not uncommon, especially in the spring. It begins as a rising, whirling current of air over a part of the earth that has been warmed by the heat of the advancing sun. As this spiral current of warm air, or cyclone, moves upward and eastward, according to the laws that govern it, it meets the very much colder air that is to be found at higher altitudes and more northern latitudes. The contact of the opposing currents increases the whirling motion of the growing storm, which rushes on, now high in air, now dipping toward the earth, until it has spent its force by spreading its circular movement over a very wide area.

The tornadoes that do so much damage are not the real cyclone. They are the fringes of the storm itself; violent uprushes of air that occur along the edge of the cyclone, and that are caused by the exceedingly low pressure—relatively speaking, almost a vacuum—that exists at the heart of the storm far above the earth. You have seen the little whirlwinds of dust that sometimes play along the surface of a country-road on a hot summer's day. The great destructive tornadoes are the result of the same forces, immensely magnified brothers of the little dust whirl.

Their destructive power is almost explosive in character. The core of one of these tornadoes is so nearly a vacuum that the heavier air within the houses literally rushes out to fill the space, tearing out the walls of the buildings as it does so. No frame house can stand the onset of such a whirlwind undamaged, but it will have a better chance of riding out the storm if all the windows are thrown open.

Last month's storm, so the weather men tell us, began somewhere over lower California. It roared across our Southwest too high above the earth to do much damage, dipped downward as it crossed Oklahoma, and came near enough to the surface to set up a series of tornadoes along its southern edge as it approached the Mississippi. Let us hope it will be a long time before a similar tempest drags its train of tornadoes through so thickly settled a countryside, in so murderous a fashion.

THE DANGEROUS CORN BORER

ARE the farmers of the great corn-growing states of the Middle West fully awake to the menace of the European corn borer? That dangerous pest, which is supposed to have gained entrance to the United States some fifteen years ago in broom corn imported from Hungary or Italy, is already firmly established in southern New England, central and western New York, northern Ohio and the Canadian province of Ontario. It does not spread rapidly, for the moth that lays the eggs from which the destructive caterpillars are hatched is not a strong flyer, but it does spread steadily, for it is a very difficult creature to reach and destroy. Spraying does no good, for the borer is always within the stalk or ear and almost never feeds on the leaves or outer parts of the plant.

The moth does not always lay her eggs on corn stalks. They are often found on such weeds as the dandelion, the burdock and the plantain, and occasionally on such plants as the dahlia, the sunflower, sorghum, the chrysanthemum, the aster, beans, beets and Swiss chard. The young caterpillars usually attack the tassels of the corn as soon as they appear. Later, boring into the stalk, they tunnel through it and make their way into the young ears. Sometimes they break down the stalks before the ears mature at all. If they do not do that, they spoil a large proportion of the ears. When they thoroughly infest a field they often attack as much as eighty per cent of the plants and destroy half the crop or even more. If this pest should become widely distributed throughout Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, the damage

it would cause to the important corn crop might easily be comparable to the damage that the boll weevil has wrought in the cotton fields.

The corn borer spreads more slowly than the boll weevil, and there is plenty of time for the farmers of the corn belt to take measures against it if they can be persuaded of the necessity of doing it. The most essential thing is to keep cornfields and the borders of them clear of weeds and stubble. Corn should be cut close to the ground; the stalks of field corn or sweet corn should be removed from the field at once and fed to stock as soon as possible. The farmer should burn before the first of May all cornstalks, cobs, stubble, weeds and large-stemmed grasses that still remain in or near his cornfields; and it is a good plan to plow under in the fall all stubble or waste that cannot be destroyed in any other way.

There are other less essential precautions that it is well to take. We have not room to describe them all, but every corn-belt farmer should get from the Department of Agriculture its pamphlet on the borer, which is Farmers' Bulletin No. 1294. Above all let it be remembered that the problem is not one that government agencies can meet. If the pest is to be checked, it must be through the careful and conscientious attention of each farmer to his own field; and, since by neglecting to clean up their fields properly a few careless farmers can nullify all the good work of their neighbors, it is important that entire communities be aroused to the importance of watching for the borer and fighting it from the moment it appears.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

THE NEXT SERIAL

WE have already made preliminary announcement of THE SPLENDID YEAR, the fine serial story of school life that Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier has written for The Companion. We can now publish the good news that the serial will begin next week, in the issue of April 23.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE extraordinary fluctuations in the wheat market, which sent wheat up from \$1.72 a bushel to \$2.05 in less than a month, and then drove it down to \$1.51 in only two weeks, are to be made the subject of investigation by the Department of Agriculture. The movement is the more puzzling because there was no visible change in the amount of wheat available for sale or in the probable demand for the grain during either period. There is every reason to believe that the rise was purely speculative, and that it was based on a misunderstanding of the real situation. It is the rise rather than the fall that needs investigation, for there is no question that the speculators bid the price far above what the market could stand. The wheat farmers had already sold a very large proportion of their crop before March 1, and if they were wise they sold most of what they had left when the price shot upward. In any event whatever actual loss the episode inflicted on anyone must have been borne by the speculators.

NEXT Sunday is the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the fighting at Lexington and Concord, Massachusetts, which historians regard as the actual beginning of the American Revolution. The occasion will be duly celebrated on the following day, by processions, sham battles and public exercises. One interesting feature of the Lexington parade will be a division of

British military and naval veterans. The people of Concord and Lexington are disappointed that the President cannot be present, but Vice President Dawes, whose ancestor, like Paul Revere, rode out from Boston to arouse the countryside on the eve of the battle, will be there.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE does not seem to have added to his personal popularity or that of the United States among the Peruvians by his finding in the Tacna-Arica dispute. We read of rioting in the streets of Lima and of demonstrations in front of our embassy building in that city. The trouble is that the Peruvians expect a plebiscite to result in a decision favorable to Chile, since the Chilean control of the disputed territory for the last forty years has naturally caused a considerable immigration of Chileans into the district. Probably no decision except one that gave Tacna and Arica back to Peru without any qualifications would have pleased the populace of Lima; and we can imagine what the Chileans would have thought of that. A good impression has been made on all the Latin-American countries by the action of the United States in ratifying at last the treaty that returns the Isle of Pines to the sovereignty of Cuba.

IT is difficult to distinguish between the true and the false in the news that comes out of Russia, but we can at least report—with the customary reservations—the despatch from an American correspondent in Berlin, who says that the Russian newspapers admit a serious shortage of food in southern Russia, particularly in the province of Kharkov. That province is naturally one of the most fertile in Russia, but a failure of the grain harvest last fall is said to have reduced at least four hundred thousand persons to the verge of starvation.

DR. BEEBE, on board the Areturus, cruising back and forth across the mid-Atlantic, sends word that he has been surprised to find the amphioxus in considerable quantities among the weed beds of the Sargasso Sea. The amphioxus, a little creature, which is "sharp at both ends," bow as well as stern, is about the most rudimentary form of vertebrate life we know of. It is of very ancient lineage, and it has shown no disposition to change its form or habits over a considerable period of geological time. Never before has it been found so far from the shallow waters near the shore.

MR. LEOPOLD SCHEPP, a New York man who began with nothing and has made a fortune in importing coconuts and preparing their meat for the market, got into the newspapers recently by distributing a considerable part of his money among the people who have worked for him and by announcing that he meant to give a lot more to establish a foundation to help deserving boys to get a start in the world. According to Mr. Schepp's plans, ministers and Sunday-school superintendents are to be asked to recommend boys from thirteen to eighteen years old who will pledge themselves to abstain from specified bad habits, to obey the laws of the state and nation and to be kind and considerate toward others. After two years, if they can be shown to have kept their pledges, they will receive \$200 to help them with their education or to give them a start in business. That is the kind of charity, curiously expressing the individuality of the donor, which medieval merchants used to take pleasure in dispensing.

FOLLOWING some interesting experiments in Vienna, the physicians at the State Hospital for the Insane at Ward's Island, New York, have been treating patients who were suffering with paresis, or, as it is medically defined, general paralysis of the insane, by inoculating them with the germs of malaria. Paresis has always been considered an absolutely incurable disease, but under the malaria treatment a considerable proportion of the patients regained their mental health, were discharged from the hospital and returned to their former occupations. By no means all of them were even apparently cured; the astonishing thing is that any were cured, for as yet the doctors have no idea why a good, stiff case of malaria should have any curative effect whatever on the other disease. Empirically, it seems often to work.

The best spring tonic is—PROPER FOOD

Watch your diet—that's the way to get ahead of lazy spring



NOT so many years ago it was the custom to take a tonic in the spring to "thin the blood" and thus combat that "tired feeling."

Now nutrition authorities have discovered that the best spring medicine is a wise diet; that springtime laziness is largely due to overworked digestions.

In the winter your diet naturally includes a high proportion of heavy, heating food. With warm spring days, you do not need so much. In fact it throws an undue burden upon digestion.

You know how slow and sluggish, how unfit for work you feel when you have eaten too much rich food.

The kind of breakfast you need

Take breakfast, for instance. The first meal of the day should set you up with ample energy for a brisk morning's work. And it will, if you eat wisely.

But if you eat a too heavy, hearty breakfast, you will find yourself yawning, half asleep by the middle of the morning.

What you need at the start of the day is simple food, full of energy; food that is easily and quickly digested. You can find no food which will more perfectly fill these needs than good old Cream of Wheat!

Try it for three mornings

As a test, try Cream of Wheat for breakfast for just three mornings, served as suggested here. You will be surprised how fit you feel.

Cream of Wheat, made of the best hard wheat, is exceptionally high in energy value or carbohydrates. But equally as valuable is its easy digestibility.

You get all the rich energy of Cream of Wheat because it is digested so easily and quickly none is wasted in extra work imposed upon the stomach.

It has all the satisfying nourishment you could possibly want yet is simple enough in form for a baby to digest. In this splendid food find energy to meet the languid moods of spring.



First Morning

CREAM OF WHEAT

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup CREAM OF WHEAT
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt 4 cups boiling water
Pour Cream of Wheat slowly into rapidly boiling salted water, stirring constantly. Place over boiling water and continue cooking fifteen minutes or longer if desired. Serve with cream and sugar, or Southern Style with butter and salt.

Second Morning

CREAM OF WHEAT with Dates

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup CREAM OF WHEAT
4 cups boiling water $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dates $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Pour Cream of Wheat slowly into rapidly boiling salted water, stirring constantly; add dates and cook fifteen minutes in a double boiler.
Also with Figs, Raisins or Prunes
Follow recipe above, using instead of dates $\frac{1}{2}$ cup figs, raisins or prunes cut in small pieces.

Third Morning

CREAM OF WHEAT with Poached Egg

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup CREAM OF WHEAT
4 cups boiling water $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Butter, salt and paprika Poached eggs
Cook Cream of Wheat in rapidly boiling salted water fifteen minutes, mix well with butter. Serve 2 heaping tablespoons cooked Cream of Wheat, make a depression in the center with the back of the spoon and place in this a poached egg.
Season with butter, salt and paprika.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

There are some folks who think it far to Fairyland. Perhaps they are quite right. But still it might not be so very far for you or me!



THE COSTUME THAT WON THE PRIZE

By Anne Bradford Holden

"TOMORROW is Sally's costume party, and I haven't any costume," Bobby announced sadly.

"Why don't you wear your cowboy togs?" his mother suggested.

"Oh, they'd know me right away. The idea is to disguise yourself as much as you can," Bobby explained. "The prize is going to the boy or girl who wears the best disguise."

"How about blacking your face as you did in the minstrel show?"

"Jack would know me because he was in the show too."

Bobby's mother tried hard to help him, but none of the costumes she suggested seemed likely to disguise him completely. Beth, his sister, already knew what she was going to wear.

All the afternoon and evening Bobby looked in story books and magazines, hoping to get an idea for a costume, but he didn't find a thing. The next morning he went downtown to a shop that rented costumes. He tried on an Indian suit, a Colonial costume and wig, and other strange clothes that he thought might disguise him enough, but not any of them suited him, and finally he gave up.

As he stepped out of the shop he saw a familiar figure far down the street. Tony, the little hurdy-gurdy man had come to town again with the same funny monkey and the same hurdy-gurdy. Bobby ran to him.

"Hello, Tony," he called.

Tony smiled and waved. "My, you grow a lot!" he exclaimed. "Bobby a beeg man now—most as beeg as Tony."

Sure enough, Bobby had grown as tall as the little Italian who was more than twice as old as he.

Tony's remark about his size gave Bobby an idea. "Are you going to be here long, Tony?"

"Two, three days, verra likely."

"There's going to be a costume party tonight," Bobby explained, "and I haven't any costume. Will you lend me your clothes and let me have your hurdy-gurdy and your monkey?"

"What you want to do with them?" Tony asked in astonishment.

"I'll wear your suit, play your hurdy-gurdy, lead your monkey and go to the party. They'll all think I'm Mister Tony. Isn't that a great idea?"

"Ye-ah, but how you grow a moustache so queeck," said Tony, laughing.

"Oh, I'll buy one and stick it on," replied Bobby, remembering that the man who rented costumes had wigs and moustaches.

"All right. I come to your house dis night?" Tony asked.

"No, some one might see you and guess what I was up to. Where are you staying?"

"Twenty-two Beecha Street."

"I'll go down there at seven o'clock."

"Sure," Tony replied and added smiling, "Don't you forget de moustache!"

Bobby hurried back to the costume shop and bought a moustache like Tony's. Then he ran home and told his mother the wonderful plan. Of course she promised not to tell,



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

By Clinton Scollard

*The hippopotamus will stay
In mud and water all the day.
Perhaps at night he lifts his
snout,*

*Looks at the stars and peers about.
I wonder if there's consolation
In this nocturnal observation?
I'm very sure I'd make a fuss
Were I a hippopotamus.*



ROSABELLE REED

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Did you ever hear about Rosabelle Reed?
She will hang over the garden bed,
But she never can get it into her head
That nobody cares for a weed.
She sits by her sister hour on hour
And keeps mistaking a weed for a flower,
Smiling the most enchanting smile
And chattering all the while.

Mary Anne's head is full of sense.
She digs and pokes; she is said to claim
Knowledge of botany quite immense,
Calling each flower by name;
But Rosabelle off and on all day
Will cuddle a sprig of nothing and say,
"When is its little bud going to grow?
It wants a little bud so!"

She loves all humble and homely things—
Pities the plight of the poky snail,
Grieves that a grub must wait for its wings
And a tadpole lose its tail.
Oh, I'm sure, if you knelt where the grass is curled
And asked the shaggiest, shabbiest weed
What is the sweetest thing in the world,
It would answer, "Rosabelle Reed!"



and she kept her promise, though her eyes twinkled when Beth asked Bobby whether he found a costume at the store and he replied sorrowfully that there wasn't a thing there he wanted.

"It's too bad you'll have to miss the party," Sister sounded so sorry that Bobby came near telling her all about his plan.

The afternoon seemed long, but seven o'clock came at last. Bobby's mother gave him some brown stain to smear on his face so that it would look as dark as Tony's. He put the moustache in his pocket and some money to pay Tony, and crept down the back stairs and out the back door so quietly that Beth didn't know he had gone.

A few minutes later he reached the house where Tony was staying. The Italian sat on the porch waiting for him, and Bobby noticed that he had on a new suit of clothes several sizes too big for him.

"My brudder leeves here," Tony explained. "He geev me hees bes' suit to wear tonight. It look pretty fine, don't you theenk? Plenta beeg!" He pointed to the long sleeves and trousers and laughed.

Bobby laughed too as Tony led him up

to his room where the clothes were spread out neatly on the bed. It did not take Bobby long to put them on. When he came down dressed in the shabby suit, with swarthy skin and a black moustache, Tony was astonished.

"It fits me!" Bobby exclaimed excitedly. "They will nevair know you," Tony assured him. "Now I'll get the hurdy-gurdy and Jingo."

He went round to the back of the house and before a very long time returned pushing the old hurdy-gurdy in front of him, and leading the monkey.

"Jingo, you have a new master now," he said, handing the rope to Bobby. "Good-by! Have one fine time!"

Bobby waved good-by to the little Italian and started down the street. He felt strange pushing the hurdy-gurdy and wondered whether anyone really would think he was Tony. But when he had gone about two blocks some children called, "Tony, play us a tune."

He stopped and began turning the handle as Tony had taught him to do. The rag-time tune delighted the children and they danced

THE DANCE

By Gamaliel Bradford

The toys that fill the birthday shop
All dance about my bed;
The train of cars, the drum, the top,
The hockey skates and sled.

They twist and turn and spring and bump
With such a jolly clatter

I wonder mother doesn't jump
To find out what's the matter.

My hands are full, my bed is piled.—
Then I wake up and stare
And rub my eyes: it makes me wild
To find there's nothing there.



round and round and put pennies in Jingo's cap.

Finally Bobby reached Sally's house. It was a warm summer evening, and many of the guests were walking on the wide veranda and in the garden. Bobby wanted to join the other children, but he remembered that he was Tony, and that the little hurdy-gurdy man wouldn't think of going into Sally's house. He stopped at the gate and began playing a tune.

Two little girls and a boy came running out.

Bobby's heart beat faster than the rag-time tune when he saw that they were Beth, Sally and his chum Jack. Beth and Sally were dressed like Puritan maidens and Jack like an Indian. Bobby recognized them easily and was afraid they'd know him.

"The party would be lots more fun with music. Please come in and play for us, Mr. Tony," Sally begged.

Bobby agreed to go in, and then the fun began, for he saw all his friends and guessed who they were right away, but no one guessed who he was. Even Sally's mother thought he was a real hurdy-gurdy man.

When it came time to award the prize Bobby overheard Sally's mother say to her sister, "I really don't know which is the best disguise. I guessed every one here right away, didn't you?"

"Yes, and they all seemed to have recognized one another."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Brown, but did you guess me?" Bobby asked, no longer speaking like Tony.

"Why, who are you?" Mrs. Brown asked in astonishment.

"Bobby Stanton."

Mrs. Brown clapped her hands and announced that the prize—a beautiful sailboat, three feet long,—was won by Bobby Stanton, who had appeared as the hurdy-gurdy man.

When Bobby stepped up to receive the sailboat all his friends clapped their hands, and Jack cried, "Three cheers for Tony—hip, hip, hooray!"



PINES

By C. S.

*The busiest people that I know
Are pines, for they incessantly
With their long slender needles
sew*

On airy webs we cannot see.



THE POINT OF VIEW

By Robert Palfrey Utter

Angela Hensaw Pratt
Tries on her Easter hat.
She thinks it's a vision, and
maybe she's right,
But her sister, who's watching
her, thinks it a sight.

WHO KNOWS?

By Gertrude West



Oh, you don't know, and I don't know,
When springtimes come and winters go.
A wisp of brush smoke spikes the air, and peach
trees bud and swell.
The warm earth, breathing in its sleep,
Turns over into furrows deep;
And on some sheltered, sun-bright slope a deer-
tongue sways its bell.

But—you don't know, and I don't know?
Wait—there are paths that winding go
Where you may follow, follow on, and learn a
thing or two.
A leaf-brown road, a weathered stile—
You meet a wrinkled, friendly smile
And listen while an old man's voice shall preach a
truth to you.

"Spring's broke," says he, "it seems to me;
A bluebird winged my apple tree
And piped a flute of sunny days and flashed
against the sky.
I never knew it once go wrong;
Spring follows on a bluebird's song.
I guess I'll hunt my old straw hat and lay my
woolens by."

Still—you don't know, and I don't know?
Pass down where gilded willows grow
And find a garden carpeted with leaves and last
year's grass
And herb-sweet stalks; and, kneeling where
That brittle carpet stretches, there
A little gray-haired granddam pipes to hail you
as you pass.

"Spring's come," she nods and turns the clods,
The stems and leaves and ends and odds
That lie, a frost-browned coverlid, to mutch her
garden bed.
There, pricking spikes with rosy tips
As pink as babies' puckered lips—
"Spring's come when tulips break the sod, I've
always heard it said."

Yet—you don't know, and I don't know?
Then village streets a truth may show.
Go down by Snyder's vacant lot beyond the
hardware store,
And—if the world is still the same—
You'll find a six-hand marble game.
What better proof could mortal ask that spring is
at the door?

So you may know, and I may know:
When winter lags, cold-cheeked and slow,
On bluebird's wings, in sheltered sod, down village
alley ways,
Wise ears attuned to sky-winged sound,
Old fingers probing in the ground
And youth have caught the trumpeting of jonquil-
brightened days.

THE LOAD

I RECENTLY watched a man, said the minister, who was carrying heavy loads up a flight of stairs and marveled at his strength and skill. It seemed incredible that anyone could carry such weights and be none the worse for it. Half the load that man carried would have injured an ordinary man. I asked him how he did it.

"There's a knack to it," he said. "You have to learn it. It isn't strength so much as it is adjustment. You've got to know how to get under the load, and there's only one right way of doing it."

Adjustment is no less important for burdens of another sort. "There's a knack to it," a way of carrying our troubles that makes them seem lighter. If the load is breaking us, we should readjust it.

It was to the weary and heavily laden that Jesus offered rest. Beneath his own tremendous load He nevertheless found peace and joy. He has the secret of adjustment, and He offers it to all who are willing to learn it.

GRAY OF THE ELEGY

PROBABLY on the whole the poem most read and quoted and remembered in the English language," Mr. Gamaliel Bradford in a recent interesting study of Gray terms the Elegy in a Country Churchyard. But it is certain that popular knowledge of the poet does not by any means correspond with the continued popularity of his masterpiece.

"In appearance he was a little, trim, tidy person, very dignified, rather conventional, rather unapproachable," says Mr. Bradford, and he quotes Horace Walpole's description—they had been friends and comrades in youth and after a break were friends once more in later years: "He is the worst company in the

world; from a melancholy turn, from living reclusely and from a little too much dignity he never converses easily. His writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable."

Gray, proud, self-conscious and shy, was quite aware of his own lack of the social gift. "People in high spirits and gayety overpower me and entirely take away mine," he admitted. "I can yet be diverted with their sallies, but if they appear to take notice of my dullness it sinks me to nothing." Light chatter without wit he found unendurable.

"For me I am come to my resting place and find it very necessary after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad and (what they call) doing something—that is, racketing about from morning to night—are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits."

He did himself injustice in employing the word "sulkiness," for sulky he assuredly was not, even though he withdrew into his shell turtle-wise when his quiet was assaulted by racketing company. A scholar, an antiquarian, a recluse, given to low spirits and indolence and able better to enjoy humanity in letters and at long range than at close quarters, he was; and fortunately he was able for most of his life to indulge his tastes to the full in the scholastic shades of Cambridge. Tranquillity, twilight and silence appealed to him; and he humorously recognized a natural affinity with the bird of wisdom when he wrote to a friend: "I keep an owl in the garden as like me as it can stare; only I do not eat raw meat nor bite people by the fingers."

WHEN LINCOLN CHASED HIS LITTLE BOY

LAUGHTER was Abraham Lincoln's way of escape from the solemn responsibilities and sadness that life brought him. An old Springfield friend of his called it "the President's life preserver."

Lincoln was fond of his little boys and enjoyed their childish ways. One morning when Lincoln was living in Springfield and his son Willie was three or four years old Mrs. Lincoln was giving the little fellow a bath in a big tub when, squealing with fun, he jumped away from her and skipped out of doors.

His father was sitting on the front porch reading the papers. Hearing the noise, he looked up, then burst into hearty laughter at the ridiculous sight. The boy ran out into the street and started to crawl under the fence into a field of corn near the house.

While Lincoln was standing there laughing at him the mother came out and said: "Run and catch him, dear, and don't stand there all day laughing yourself to death! There he goes now in the cornfield; run quick!"

Lincoln started after him, and the little fellow shrieked with delight and ran faster than ever.

The neighbors, attracted by the excitement, were now looking out of windows and doors, and passers-by had stopped on the sidewalk, all laughing at the long-legged father chasing his little naked boy.

It took Lincoln only a few moments to catch the little fellow. He picked him up, covered his rosy body with kisses and, tossing him up on his shoulder, put his legs round his neck and carried him back to his mother and the tub.

A JEALOUS ROBIN

THERE'S Dick," shouted a workman. "There he goes across the dam. It's too wide for him!"

I looked, writes a correspondent, and sure enough there was my pet robin trying to cross the dam. Suddenly his strength gave out, and he dropped into the water. I raced across and up the other side to find that he was still twenty feet from shore; he had ceased paddling, and his head was just out of water. Then it went under. He went down a second time before I could reach him with a long stick and tow him in.

He was gasping. I held him with head down and gave him artificial respiration. Water ran out of his mouth. After an hour of careful work and warm sunshine he began to breathe regularly. In another hour he was able to stand on my finger for a few seconds. I took him to his basket and, wrapping him in his blanket, left him on a window sill in the warm sunshine. Then I went to finish what I had been doing, and what should I meet at the gate but my own Dick! I had rescued another robin.

I picked Dick up and carried him upstairs to the basket by the window. He was at the basket in a second, attacking the little stranger that was yet too weak to defend himself. I seized him and

protested. When Dick realized that he couldn't drive the stranger out of his basket he flew to the open window and away to some distant trees.

I was interested in the little tragedy and wondered what my Dick would do. Usually every fifteen minutes he would come to his jar of wet butter thins or hard boiled yolk of egg that we kept ready on the window sill outside. This time he stayed away almost all the afternoon.

Meanwhile we discovered that we had a little stranger that was distressed under captivity when he grew strong enough to fly about the room. So we let him go, thinking his friends would hear him and come for him. He took a position on a near-by apple tree and called until dusk before they heard him and came. Dick certainly heard him, but never did any living creature ignore more completely another than Dick ignored that strange little robin.

A TENDER-HEARTED EXECUTIONER

IN the early days of Arizona a wagon train drawn by oxen was crossing the territory. With the train was a man named Doney, who was a crack shot with a rifle. He was extremely sensitive to suffering in others; the sickness or injury of an ox or a horse affected him greatly.

Another man in the train had a large ox that was sick. The train had camped close to a river, and the sick ox was turned out with the rest to graze. But he would not eat and seemed in great pain. His owner expected him to die.

Doney took his small-calibered Kentucky rifle and went down to the river to shoot ducks for the next meal. On the way back he passed through the herd and saw the big ox lying on the ground.

"I wonder now if the poor brute is dead," he muttered and went closer.

The ox stirred and groaned. "Poor beast!" murmured Doney. "You're almost gone. It would be an act of mercy to put you out of your misery."

He studied the ox and was convinced that the brute could not recover. He would shoot him and then explain to the owner. Backing off, he raised his rifle.

"Shut your eyes, Buck!" he cried. "How can I shoot if you look at me in that mournful fashion?"

However, Buck kept on looking mournful, and Doney shifted position two or three times, only to find those big eyes always watching him. He circled a short distance. The ox moved his head to keep his executioner in view. Doney was in despair.

"Say, you, if you don't quit this staring at me like that, I'll go off and leave you to suffer!"

Doney started off. When he had gone thirty or forty paces he wheeled and, lifting his gun, took swift aim and fired. The ox straightened out, and Doney nearly ran from the scene. Hurrying into camp, he found the owner.

"Say, grandpap," he hailed him, "I put a bullet in the head of your sick ox just now. Couldn't stand it to see him suffer."

"That's all right, Doney," said the old man. "Better so."

Relieved at being exonerated, Doney went off to dress his ducks for supper. Everyone was busy, and the afternoon passed quickly. Sunset came, and the stew kettles were sending off savory odors when the herder drove the cattle to camp.

By that time every man knew that Doney had shot the sick ox. When the jangling bell told of the near approach of the herd all looked towards it instinctively. The ox carrying the bell, the natural leader of the herd, was walking sedately. Just behind him came an ox that was taller and wider than the leader.

"Hey, dad! I thought you said Doney shot your ox!" some one yelled.

"He said he did," the old man answered.

Doney turned from seasoning his ducks to stare at the cattle. "I did. Plugged him square in the head."

"Then who owns an ox that is a good two hands taller than Bill's old Star and half a hand wider?"

Everyone was interested now. The big ox

MAYBE HE WANTED HOT WATER



Undeatable Picnicker: "Excuse me—I wonder if I may have a little water?" —Ridgwell in Punch.

was walking briskly; his head was up and his eyes were bright. He seemed in the best of spirits.

"I know what happened," one man shouted. "That critter had the hollow horn, and Doney bored the sick horn and let the pus escape. See the little blood streak right at the base?"

The owner caught his ox and examined him. The tap of a finger nail on the horn showed it was empty; and a glance revealed a neat, round hole the size of a pencil directly through the base. The tender-hearted executioner had unwittingly performed a neat and perfect act of veterinary surgery, and the ox was well.

HE PAID TO HEAR HIS OWN LECTURE

MANY times have we begrudged our admission fee to lectures. We might even go further and say that many times a lecturer has convinced us that he was the one who rightly should have paid and paid handsomely.

Once we attended a lecture on fools. Because we had some misgivings about the whole affair we sat in the back of the hall, where an early departure would not be conspicuous. The lecturer, a thoroughly unattractive-looking man, came to the centre of the platform, scrutinized the audience with an appraising eye and began:

"I have chosen fools for my subject because there are more fools than anything else in the world. You find them everywhere. I haven't a doubt that there are some in this very hall; you will see them going out in a minute or two."

The lecture lasted an hour and a half. We stayed through the whole of it and learned much, we dare say.

The man on the platform, you see, has you all the way round. You pay to hear him; he can say anything he likes about you, and you can't answer back. But there is one case on record where a lecturer did have to pay admission to his own lecture. It was Mark Twain, and he tells about it in his autobiography.

Now and then, he says, Keeler and I had a mild little adventure, but none that couldn't be forgotten without much of a strain. Once we arrived late at a town and found no committee in waiting and no sleighs on the stand. We struck up a street in the gay moonlight, found a tide of people flowing along, judged it was on its way to the lecture hall—a correct guess—and joined it. At the hall I tried to press in, but was stopped by the ticket-taker.

"Ticket, please."

I bent over and whispered: "It's all right. I am the lecturer."

He closed one eye impressively and said loud enough for all the crowd to hear: "No, you don't. Three of you have got in up to now, but the next lecturer that goes in here tonight pays!"

Of course we paid.

THE POOR, POOR EGG

MUCH as we like eggs, especially fresh eggs, we cannot but smile over these verses from an English magazine, written, we are tempted to say, in a spirit of "eggophobia":

The egg is smooth and very pale;
It has no nose, it has no tail;
It has no ears that one can see;
It has no wit, no repartee.

If it were round or even square
Or squat in contour like a pearl,
If it were green or blue or black
Or had a shell that did not crack,
One would insure its belle tournure.

Eggs are most futile, vapid things;
They have no soul, they have no wings;
They do not eat, they do not drink;
They do not even try to think.

A HINT TO MOTHERS

FATHER had come home early from the office while mother was still out shopping, says the Forbes Magazine, and little Alice ran to meet him.

"Father," she cried, "I've been wanting to see you for a long time when mother's not near."

"Why?" asked father.

"Well, father," replied Alice, "please don't tell mother, because she's a dear, but I don't think she knows much about bringing up children."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well," replied Alice, "she makes me go to bed when I am wide awake, and she makes me get up when I am awfully sleepy."

THE BRIDE'S BURNT OFFERINGS

THE young husband who was subsisting largely on the bride's cooking ventured to complain about the quality of the breakfast she had prepared for him.

"Well, darling," she said sweetly, "you know that we do not keep a cook because we agreed that until we had a little more money we should have to make sacrifices."

"Yes, dear," he answered, "but need you make them in the form of burnt offerings?"



THE DEPARTMENT PAGES



SANDWICHES FOR THE SPRING PICNIC

WITH the first warm days of spring comes the desire for picnic novelties. New varieties of sandwiches are always in demand.

Stuffed olives and cheese make an excellent filling. Chop the olives fine, blend them with a little cream cheese or cottage cheese and add seasoned mayonnaise.

To make a nut-and-celery filling mix chopped nut meats and minced celery hearts in equal parts; then add mayonnaise.

A savory paste can be made from celery and sweet red pepper. Chop the celery fine, place it in cups and add to each cupful one or two tablespoonfuls of minced pepper. Then add stiff mayonnaise and spread the paste between slices of bread and butter or bread and cream cheese.

A filling made with nasturtium leaves is novel and appetizing. Chop fine two or three hard-boiled eggs, then add mayonnaise and minced nasturtium leaves. It doesn't take many leaves to give a very pungent flavor.

For an orange-marmalade filling add nut meats, chopped fine, to thick marmalade.

Chocolate filling for crisp crackers is made by melting sweet chocolate and adding chopped nut meats and a little maple sugar. You can use peanut butter instead of the nuts.

Two tablespoonfuls of chopped fresh mint, added to one cupful of pear preserves, makes a delicious paste.

Stale sponge cake need not be discarded. Slice it very thin, toast each slice to a delicate brown and spread it with currant or strawberry jam.

You can make a nourishing filling of bacon. Fry it until it is crisp, then break it into bits and add chopped onion and green pepper, allowing one pepper and one small onion to three slices of bacon. Season the mixture and when the vegetables are cooked add one egg and stir it in thoroughly. These sandwiches are good either plain or toasted.

For parsley sandwiches place a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, drop in two or three eggs and add two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. Stir the ingredients until the eggs are cooked. Spread the bread with butter or mayonnaise. These sandwiches are easier to make than the usual egg sandwiches and are more appetizing.

Sardine sandwiches are familiar, but they are always popular. Here is a new way to prepare them: Remove the backbones and the skins from two dozen sardines, mash the meat to a paste, and add two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine. Season the filling with mustard or with horse-radish mixed with lemon juice.

THE "GOOD-LUCK KIT"

A BRIDE received a most unusual and useful gift from fifteen old ladies, friends of her grandmother. They knew that the girl was planning to do her own housework in her far-away, new home, and that they could furnish some things that would be very useful to her.

So, at the suggestion of the bride's grandmother, they wrote a "good-luck cookbook" and got together a "good-luck kit." The cookbook was a blank book bound in oilcloth, with a four-leafed-clover design on the cover, in which each of the ladies wrote several pages of receipts. A good cook, everyone knows, does many little things that are not set down in cookbooks. The contributors described minutely their little peculiar ways of doing things. They chose receipts that had been in their families for years. One was "Dr. Merrimac's favorite stew." Another described a special way of

preparing mashed potatoes. Some receipts were for inexpensive dishes; many were for the clever use of leftovers. One receipt—with the longest title in the book—described "ten ways to use up a small roast of beef when you are two in a family and can't get the meatman to sell you less than five pounds."

For the good-luck kit each old lady contributed one indispensable item for kitchen use—something that one who was new at housekeeping might not think of getting for herself. One such gift was a large roll labeled "Rags, my dear." But the rags were clean and neatly pressed; some were of old flannel for rubbing brass; some were of soft thin cotton, and some were of linen. Round them all was wrapped a large, new, soft chamois skin.

Another old lady contributed her favorite variety of paring knives. Another gave holders; another, ten knitted dish cloths. One gift, not for the kitchen but certainly for good luck, was a box filled with spools of silk, cotton and linen thread of many sizes and colors suitable for all emergencies of mending; another, a package of odd bits of unfaded lining and binding; and a third, a glass jar filled with buttons—buttons of every description collected through many years of sewing experience. Long afterwards, you can safely prophesy, the little wife will still be going to that glass jar when a sleeve button has been lost to see if there is one that matches.

And—the most precious treasure of all—on the top of the kit was a photograph showing the whole group, with the bride's grandmother in the midst of them, packing the kit and packing into it their "very best regards."

CONCERNING STUDY HOUR

*When study hour seems a bother
Be calm, don't get into a pothole.
A world that never had a history
Would be a most unpleasant mystery.
How inconvenient it would be
If one and two made aught but three.
If nitrogen and oxygen
Should fail to mix, alas, what then?
Such funny facts! But none can doubt them.
It's just as well to know about them.*

GAMES FOR RECESS

1. "SLAP JACK"

All the players except one join hands in a circle and face in. The odd player runs round the circle, slaps some player on the back and continues to run. The player whom he slapped begins to run in the opposite direction to that which "Slap Jack" takes. Each must pass once round the circle. When they meet they bow or shake hands, then race for the empty place in the circle. The one who gets there first keeps the place; the other becomes "Slap Jack."

2. MODIFIED CLUB SNATCH

The players divide into two teams, and each team chooses a captain. A goal is marked off at either end of the field, and a stake is driven into the ground halfway between the two goals. Each team stands within its own goal, and the captain of each chooses a runner. At a signal the runners leave their goals and race toward the stick. Each tries to pull it out of the ground and run back to her goal before her opponent tags her. A player may either grasp the stick at once or she may pretend to reach for it while waiting to catch her opponent off her guard. If the girl who gets the stick is tagged before she reaches her goal, the opposing side scores one point; if not, her team scores. After each run the stick is replaced.

When all the players on both teams have run once the sides change goals. The team that has the highest score at the end of two rounds wins the game.

MAKING MEMORIES

A LITTLE boy in Kentucky was taken to see the rare sight of a southern river packed with blocks of ice.

"We must be sure that he really understands it," said his mother, "so that when he is grown up he will remember that as a little boy he saw the ice go down."

As the group stood on the bridge and watched the cakes of ice surge downstream some one noticed that the little boy was holding his head tight in both hands and staring at the ice as if hypnotized.

"What's the matter, Lawrence?" asked his mother. "Don't you like to watch the ice?"

"Oh, yes," said he. "I'm just remembering and remembering."

We all feel that way sometimes. We should like to take our heads in our hands and memorize every word, every color, every gleam of interest and beauty in a scene or an occasion, so that not one lovely detail will ever fade from our minds. The occasion may be a camping party at sunset with the canoes tied to an old balsam tree and the songs of friends echoing across the lake, or an evening at a dance with the gay colors and swift interchange of partners and easy rhythm, or an evening of music, or a long conversation with a congenial friend, or a brisk walk over the hills. For each person in the world there is a different group of things that she would like to remember as long as she lives.

But memory is capricious. Often an inconspicuous or insignificant thing remains most clearly in the mind. One little girl who looked out of a high window to see Gen. Ulysses Grant pass by now remembers chiefly the appearance of the high and mighty liveried coachman who, proud and stately, drove the general's barouche. Two little girls who were once permitted to strew flowers at the wedding of their beautiful young aunt remember two items only of that lovely occasion: the wide hair ribbons that kept threatening to slide down their hair and the wonderful little caterer's cakes covered with white icing and candied violet-petals.

Mary Lyon once said to a group of girls: "Do only those things that will be pleasant to remember." We might supplement that maxim with another: Do as often as possible those things that will be pleasant for other people to remember. Girls rarely have any idea how great an impression they can make on older persons. A distinguished lawyer once failed to receive an important appointment because of a trick that a corrupt political "ring" played on him. The papers were full of the outrage, and editorial pages blazed with protests against the injustice of it. The next day, as the defeated lawyer was walking to his work, a girl who was a friend of his daughter passed him on the street and paused to say shyly, "I'm sorry you weren't appointed, Mr. Trumbull." Afterwards she felt worried for fear she had seemed "forward" or had said the wrong thing. But of all the public and private discussions of his troublous time the noted man remembered most gratefully that swift word of friendship. Older persons do not expect to be very interesting to popular young girls, and a gentle assurance that they are not forgotten makes an impression all out of proportion to its importance—an impression that girls seldom dream they can make.

The surest way to fill the years with fine impressions, some of which will last, is the habit of maintaining an alert attention. When enemy aeroplanes were circling over Paris in war time a signal was given, called *alerte*. That signal meant to every Frenchman, "Eyes open! Watch out! Be on guard! Danger overhead!" The peace-time *alerte* signal should mean, "Here comes a new type of friend whose ideas I do not understand"; or, "Here is a new demand that I may or may not be able to live up to"; or, "Here is a new ambition, circling above my head." The alert mood gives open-minded attention to every acquaintance, every project, every new scene, every commonplace day.

STRETCHING

MANY physical trainers attach undue importance to severe contraction movements for developing muscle. Strong contraction will certainly bring about substantial increase in the girth of a muscle, but it does it at the expense of quality. The size of a muscle is not the measure of its quality. When Sandow was so much in the public eye many young fellows worked desperately hard to increase the size of their muscles, but when they had finished they had not enough vitality left to make the big muscles as useful as their former undeveloped muscles had been.

Hard, tensing exercises use up vitality. Also,

long practice on them tends to produce the condition known as being "muscle bound." No sane person wants to reach that condition. The value of such muscle is limited to a one-kind movement. It may be good for a slow, ponderous feat of strength, but it is useless for quick action. It is big and hard and knobby and impressive, but that is about all there is to it. To the real athlete such muscle is worthless. It may even be a detriment. The boxer, the wrestler, the track athlete or the swimmer has no use for it. It is deficient in endurance, and its slow response to the will is a positive source of weakness.

Yet it is possible to have well-developed muscles with strength, quickness and endurance. Stretching has the opposite effect to hard contraction. It lengthens the muscle fibres and gives them elasticity and smoothness. It promotes endurance and rapidity of action. No one who gives stretching movements a trial will ever regret it.

One of the best of such movements is the following; it is helpful to those short persons who would like to add a little to their height:

Stand erect, the chin back, the body lifted from the waist but without stiffness or absurd protrusion of the chest. The feet should be from sixteen to twenty inches apart, according to the height of the person. Bend the body sideways from the hips to the left, but take care that there is no forward inclination. Do it slowly and thoroughly. The left hand with fingers stretched should travel down the outside of the left thigh

ANOTHER SPORTS SECTION

IN the next issue of The Companion, that of April 23, will appear another illustrated Sports Section, published as a supplement to the Department Pages. Both boys and girls will find in it matter of striking interest and timeliness.

and thus assist in preventing the body from moving forward. The entire left arm should be thoroughly stretched. At the same time the right arm is thrust upwards, every joint and muscle loosened. Quite straight, it follows the sideward pull of the body. Simultaneously, the right heel is lifted, and with the toes pressing firmly on the ground every muscle of the right leg from heel to haunch is given a thorough stretching.

Hold the position thus gained (but not the breath) for two seconds, then slowly return to the upright and bend similarly over to the right, the right hand moving down, the left arm up, the left leg stretching in its turn. It is well to breathe out as the body bends and to inhale on returning to the upright position. Half a dozen movements to each side will be enough for the beginner. They may be gradually increased to twice as many.

Another excellent exercise is to stand facing the wall and close to it and then, taking a full breath, rise on the toes and reach up the wall with the extended fingers of the left hand. Lift and stretch well the muscles of the middle body and also those round the shoulder until you think you have reached the limit. Then try to make a further half inch. Hold the position a few moments, relax, lower the body to the heels and rest while taking a full breath in and out; then make the same movement with the right hand. After that, work both hands together. Five movements with each hand separately and five with both together will be enough.

Practice thus for a week twice a day, and, if you will keep a record, you will be astonished to find how much farther up the wall your last touch will be than your first one was. The muscles of the arms, shoulders, back, sides, stomach and legs will have greatly benefited; the shoulder and other joints will have loosened; and the nerves will have received a healthy stimulation.

Stretching makes for health and strength; the exercises described by no means exhaust all its possibilities.

MATCH-EIGHT

At the beginning of this game, which is intended for two players, each contestant lines up eight matches on a cardboard diagram in the manner indicated in the figure. All of the tips of the eight matches continually



point in the same direction—away from the player.

Taking alternate turns, each competitor may move one of his matches either forward, backward or sideways. For example: if one of your matches rests on the eighth line in row C, you may move it to the eighth line of either row B or row D or to the seventh or ninth line of row C, provided those four lines are not already occupied.

Jumping forward is compulsory. If, therefore, a match that belongs to you rests on the sixth line in row D, with the tip pointing toward row A, and one of your opponent's matches rests on the sixth line in row C, you must jump if the sixth line in row B is vacant. The same principle applies to other positions on the diagram. Jumping in any direction except forward, however, is forbidden. When you get a match into the "king row" of your opponent you must leave it on the line on which it enters until the end of the game.

You win the game if you succeed either in placing all of your matches on any eight of the ten lines in the "king row" of your opponent or if you prevent him from playing. Whenever it becomes impossible for either of you to move the game should be declared a draw.

BEFORE YOU BUY YOUR LAWN MOWER

NO implement used on the country or suburban place is less appreciated and more neglected than the hand lawn mower. A lawn mower is not naturally a refractory implement, nor is mowing the lawn a disagreeable task if before you buy a lawn mower you will give proper consideration to what you need and what will best fulfill that need.

Think first of the area that you have to mow and of the person who will use the machine. Let us assume that your lawn is of the common suburban type. Several walks and a drive cross it, and round it are irregular flower beds and clumps of shrubby beds, and it is dotted with several trees. There are no long open stretches or unusual bankings or grading. Such a lawn will require from one and a half to two hours to mow.

Who is to do the work, the small boy, the grown-up daughter, the wife, the grown-up son, the man of the house or the hired man? Consider the weight, the quickness of movement and the physical condition of whichever of those persons is most likely to do the mowing. When you have done that you are better prepared to choose the right kind of mower.

"Let's get the widest mower we can buy so that we can finish mowing quicker," is a popular but mistaken suggestion. As a matter of fact, except on a tennis court, or a similar but larger area, mowing with the wide-cutting machines requires more time than mowing with the narrow ones. It is true of machines with blades of from sixteen to twenty-two inches in length that the wider the cut the more frequently the operator must rest. The length of the rest periods is directly proportional to the number and frequency of them. A sixteen-inch mower will not only work into the corners better than a larger machine but offers a more nearly balanced resistance to the operator and is better adapted to trimming. The twelve-inch and fourteen-inch machines are too narrow except in special places.

Sixteen-inch lawn mowers vary in weight from twenty-six pounds to fifty pounds. The correct weight of a mower is directly proportional to the weight of the operator. This is an important point and should be most carefully considered. It is nearly as tiring and fully as inefficient for a hundred-and-ninety-pound man to push a thirty-pound mower as it is for a hundred-and-twenty-pound man to push a fifty-pound machine. To be most efficient a lawn mower should weigh from twenty-two to twenty-six per cent as much as the operator.

The words "ball bearing" may lure you to the machine of one company or another, yet you do not know to what bearings those hypnotic words refer. Unless it is specifically stated to the contrary, the word "bearings" refers to

the reel bearings; that is, the bearings of the frame that holds the knives. It matters not whether the reel bearings are roller, ball or plain, if they offer but small resistance, hold their adjustment and are either automatically adjusted or easily adjusted by the operator. Particular attention should be paid to the housing and method of adjustment of the ball-bearing machines.

"This machine has five blades and will cut better than that one, which has only three," you may say to yourself. Yes, but it may not leave your lawn looking any better. A high-speed three-knife reel will leave your lawn even better than a low-speed five-knife reel. For efficiency, however, a five-knife reel revolving at a reasonably rapid rate of speed is the better of the two. However, if the reels are of the same diameter, you can cut taller grass with a four-knife machine than with a five-knife. You should bear that in mind if you are in the habit of letting your lawn grass grow unduly tall. Choose a machine with a six-inch, five-bladed reel, revolving fast enough to cause from

twenty-seven to thirty-two blades to pass the bed knife in a linear yard and you will have a smooth lawn.

"I don't like big wheels; I'll take this one with the seven-inch wheel," you tell the dealer. Yes, and work harder, have a rougher lawn and cut more dirt, dead grass and grass crowns. The bigger the wheel the more easily the machine runs and the better it rides the small hollows that occur in the ordinary lawn. If the lawn is covered with small humps, such as ant hills, frost humps and high-crowned grass, it will appear smooth if the lawn mower that cuts it has a large enough wheel to ride on the bumps instead of over them and into the hollows. Ten inches is the most efficient size for all-round work. It is not too large round shrubbery or buildings, yet it is large enough to run easily and avoid the hollows.

If you will consider those five points of efficiency when you buy your next lawn mower, you will be well satisfied with the machine and the appearance of your lawn and may even find a certain pleasure in mowing.

THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE

VII. The Care of Metals



CLEANING metal may or may not be a considerable task. It depends on how you choose and how you care for your metal implements and fittings. Metals require even more care than woods, because damage to them may be irreparable. Unless wood is actually broken, it can be stripped and refinished. But if a metal piece, say a silver pitcher, is scratched, you have lost some of the metal. So it is important to know the nature of your metals and to use a cleaner that is suited to them.

Of course the care of metals includes more than cleaning. It begins with the careful choice of suitable tools and materials, includes storing them properly and using them intelligently. For example, you would not choose a silver knife for general kitchen use, or a tin saucepan for frying. Silver should never be tumbled into a drawer, but kept separated and, if not used every day, kept in flannel bags. An enamel saucepan cannot be used for frying, nor will it stand being slammed down on a hard surface.

Metals vary in hardness, in susceptibility to heat and to chemicals and in form, and the variations affect the use of them and the cleaning of them.

The stains on metals also vary. They may come from grease, soot, grease and soot, burnt food, acids, alkalis, or tarnish by the oxygen in the air.

Metal cleaners may be powders, pastes, soaps or liquids. The powders are more or less dusty to use, though they are efficacious. The pastes and soaps are somewhat more economical. Acids and alkalis must be used only on those metals that they cannot harm.

THE GENERAL RULE

Before considering particular metals learn the general rule for cleaning all metals. Use the method that causes the least loss of metal, costs the least in time and labor and produces the best finish. The usual procedure in cleaning metal is this:

1. Wash the article in soapsuds and rinse it.
2. Apply the proper cleaner.
3. Let the object dry and then polish it with a clean cloth. Be sure you are not using a scratchy cleaner that will mar the surface.
4. Wash the article again in soapsuds, rinse it and dry it.

Iron is hard and durable and will stand many knocks. It gradually becomes coated with a layer of burnt grease unless it is scoured every time it is used. The grease can be removed by boiling the utensil in washing soda. Remnants of food that have stuck to it can be removed with steel wool, with an abrasive cleaner or with one of the patented metal pot cleaners.

Steel is harder than iron and can be polished with an abrasive cleaner. A brisk rubbing with a cork or a wad of newspaper dipped in powdered bath brick will keep knives bright. Rinsing knives promptly after they have been used on acid foods will go a good way toward preventing them from spotting. The new stainless steel, although expensive, certainly pays for itself in saving labor. Tempered steel should not be left long near dry heat, for dry heat tends to take the temper out.

Aluminum is a metal that requires a good

deal of care, but that responds well to good cleaning. Alkalies darken it and therefore should never be used on it—washing soda, for example. The best cleaner is fine steel wool (No. 00) and soap. Whiting can be used without harm, but harsher abrasives scratch the metal and spoil the mirrorlike surface. Aluminum of good weight soon pays for itself, for it gives much longer service than the thin quality. Food should not be allowed to stand in aluminum.

ZINC, COPPER AND BRASS

Zinc in domestic fittings is used chiefly to cover table tops. It is durable, but stains rather easily, especially from acids. It can be cleaned with a mild abrasive, though nothing will remove the acid stains once they are set, since they have eaten into the zinc.

Copper requires a little different treatment. The best results are obtained with a proprietary polish, or with whiting and vinegar. Copper is one of the metals on which acid can be used, but not abrasive cleaners. The whiting and vinegar treatment seems to leave the copper with a lighter, paler lustre than the proprietary polishes give it.

Brass is an alloy of copper and zinc, sometimes tin. The same polishes can be used for brass and for copper, though some seem to give a brighter lustre than others. Most new brass pieces have been coated with a lacquer that protects the surface and prevents tarnish for a long while. Water, especially hot water, removes the lacquer in time, after which the metal must be polished or relacquered. A brass bed should not be washed, but rubbed either with a dry cloth or with a bit of lemon oil, which keeps the lacquer from becoming brittle. There are lacquers on the market that can be applied to cleaned utensils. If rightly applied, they are very useful if the article need not be washed too often. The piece to be lacquered must be perfectly clean and perfectly dry or the lacquer will not stick.

Bronze is an alloy of copper and tin and very hard. It should be treated in the same way as copper.

Pewter, an alloy usually of tin, copper and lead, is very soft and scratches easily. Therefore neither harsh abrasives nor scouring powders should be used. The finest steel wool and soap or whiting and water on a cloth are the best polishers. Rottenstone and oil make a good cleaner if used carefully, which means that you must not let the cleaner dry before you polish the piece, since rottenstone alone scratches. Use plenty of oil to "float" the rottenstone. Food should not stand in pewter.

Pure silver and pure gold are too soft for use, and so they are alloyed with copper; and the hardness will of course depend on the amount of copper used. Both should be cleaned with special polishes or with whiting and alcohol or whiting and water. Use no abrasives. A quick method of cleaning silver is the "silver-cleaning pan" method. If you do not have a special pan, use an old aluminum pan. Add a

tablespoonful of washing soda to boiling water and put the silver into it. Then take it out and wash it. Remember also to empty the aluminum pan at once, on account of the soda. The method leaves the silver with a white hard lustre, part of which polishing with a cloth will remove. Do not use this method for satin-finish silver or for worn plated ware.

Agate and enamel utensils are combinations, being made of an iron or a steel foundation coated with material of glaze. Since coating has little expansive power as compared with iron or steel, dry heat causes the surface to crack. The thicker the enamel the more care must be used in preventing the vessel from being overheated. Clean such ware with mild abrasives or with steel wool and soap. If you begin to use scratchy cleaners, you will soon find the surface filled with tiny scratches—regular stain gatherers. If food does burn on enamel, do not attempt to dig it off. Put a strong solution of washing soda into the pan and heat it. That will loosen the food.

Tin utensils are sensitive to heat, since tin has a low melting point. If the tin is melted off, the exposed iron foundation will soon rust. Clean tin with steel wool or mild abrasives.

Nickel over copper or brass needs special care to prevent its wearing off. Keep the nickel dry and rub it daily with soft tissue paper. It will thus need only an occasional cleaning with polish or whiting.

To go back to the first statement, remember that good daily care, plenty of soapsuds and polishing will do much to eliminate the special cleaning of all metals.

RAISING FINE STRAWBERRIES

TO get fine fruit in abundance the soil must be loose and full of humus, weeds must be kept down by mulching or cultivation, and insects must be destroyed by spraying. It is wise to renew the patch every two years. When you have provided all those desirable conditions, the matter of prime importance is to choose the most productive plants. To that end the experience of a Companion reader in Iowa may be of value.

Several years ago he noticed that some of his plants had large numbers of fine berries, but that others bore less plentifully. The heavy bearing plants were marked with stakes. As soon as the fruiting season was over a strip of land beside the patch was plowed and worked fine with the harrow. Later when rain seemed imminent the owner began the work of transplanting. He dug up the marked plants one at a time with a spade, taking care to leave plenty of dirt on the roots. He carried them to the newly prepared ground and set them out just in time to get a thorough watering from the clouds, which enabled them to withstand the hot July weather without difficulty. They grew rapidly and sent out runners freely. The next spring the whole tract was well covered with strong, vigorous plants, and produced a crop that surpassed everything else in that part of the country. The size and the quality of the fruit were remarkable. Four full quarts of the finest berries were gathered from a row without the picker's changing his position. The rows where the specially productive plants had been placed far outstripped all other parts of the patch.

DRAWING BY REFLECTION

THE simple homemade apparatus shown in the accompanying figure will enable even a person who has no knowledge of drawing to make an excellent copy of a picture or design.

The materials required are a piece of board to form the base and a sheet of glass. An old whole-plate negative, obtainable from most photographers for a few cents, is easily cleaned, and, as photographic glass is flawless, it is quite suitable for the purpose. The board should be of the same width as the glass and twice as long as it is wide. The surface should be smooth and even. Mount the sheet of glass vertically in the centre of the board and fasten it by nailing a three-quarter-inch strip of wood on each side where it rests on the base. When not in use the glass can be slipped out of the groove between the strips.

The method of using the apparatus can be gathered from the diagram. The drawing to be copied is placed on the left side of the sheet of glass and the blank paper on the other side. Then, if the drawing is nearer than the blank paper to the source of light and you look down through the glass, you will see clearly a reversed reflection of the drawing on the blank paper and can easily copy it.



TO INCREASE THE RANGE AND ACCURACY OF YOUR AIR RIFLE

MELT a small quantity of paraffin in a large shallow pan. Into the pan pour a sufficient quantity of the lead pellets or BB shot used for ammunition to take up nearly all the hot paraffin, which will spread over them in a thin film. Then, while the paraffin



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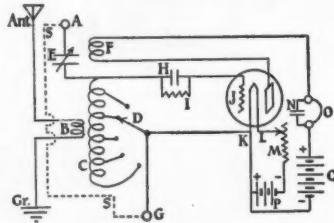
is still melted, pour them quickly out into a tub of cold water from a height of eight or ten feet. The result is a shot with a thin film of wax on it, which will give double the former penetration and a greater degree of accuracy. In hot weather add an equal quantity of beeswax to the paraffin to give it the necessary consistency.

TUNING YOUR RADIO

ALMOST everyone who has owned a radio receiver for any length of time has noticed that after he has been using the set for a month it has seemed to work about three times as well as during the first week. As a matter of fact, it is not the set that has improved, but the owner's ability to tune it. Therefore, the person who has just acquired his first set or who has just changed one set for another, and who is not satisfied with the results he is getting, should not blame the set, but rather should be patient and anticipate the time when he shall have become thoroughly familiar with running it. Practice will bring the skillful touch that will make the set seem better.

There can be no fixed course of instruction in tuning a radio set, but some general instructions will help you to acquire the skillful touch. The nature of the instructions depends upon the kind of set.

The single-circuit regenerative receiver is the simplest type of set. If improperly handled, it becomes a transmitter and radiates squeals and howls that can be heard by every other radio listener near by. If properly handled, it is excellent in every way. If you have such a set, try to work it according to the following



Ant., antenna. Gr., ground. A, antenna post of receiver. B, 10 turns wound on fixed coil of variocoupler. C, fixed coil of variocoupler. D, switch arm and points. E, variable condenser. F, tickler coil of variocoupler. G, ground post of receiver. H, grid condenser. I, grid leak. J, grid of tube. K, plus (+) filament post. L, minus (-) filament post. M, rheostat. N, fixed condenser. O, headphones. P, "A" battery. Q, "B" battery. SS, wire short-circuiting antenna and ground posts of set.

instructions. It will produce better reception for yourself as well as for your neighbor.

Many people try to work this kind of set by pushing the tickler, or regeneration, coil to its limit and then tuning in until they hear a squeal, then dropping the tickler coil back to clear up the music. That method of tuning is wrong, and, though it may not disturb you, it will set up a terrific squeal in your neighborhood. Don't do it. Unless people learn to use receivers of this class properly it is likely that laws will be passed to prohibit the use of them. England has passed such laws already.

The proper way to use the single-circuit set is to bring the tickler coil to minimum regeneration and then begin to tune. When you have found the station, bring the tickler coil up to increase the volume. Do not let the tube break into a squeal. A little practice will be required before you will know when to stop the increase of the tickler coil. Bringing the tickler coil too close to the "spilling over" point will also considerably distort the sound. Sometimes it will be found that after you have set the tickler adjustment the tube will "spill over" and break into a squeal. That is usually caused by the grid leak being of improper value. Poor grid leaks will also produce the same effect. That is because the value of resistance changes a few seconds after it has been adjusted. In case a hard tube (201-A, WD-11, WD-12, UV-199) is used for a detector the adjustments of the tickler coil will not be so critical as with the 200 type of detector tube. The main thing to remember in adjusting a single-circuit set is to keep the tickler adjustment below the spilling-over point.

The question of sharp tuning on a single-circuit set often comes up. A single-circuit set can be tuned much sharper by a slight change in wiring. Wind from six to ten turns of wire round the fixed coil of the set. Connect one end with the antenna and one with the ground and short circuit the regular antenna and ground posts on the set. (See the figure.) There are many variations of the single-circuit regenerative hook-up, but the suggestions apply to all of them.

Two-circuit and three-circuit sets are all so nearly like the single-circuit in operation that there is no need to explain how to tune them. The main thing to remember is to keep the set below the oscillating point. Such receivers do not radiate energy so freely as the single-circuit



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Accustomed to instant communication by telephone and telegraph, our military authorities realized in the late war that the American Expeditionary Forces could not depend on the communication services of Europe.

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Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.



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type, but any of them can cause some trouble, if not properly used.

The next kind of set to be considered is that where one or more stages of radio-frequency amplification are placed ahead of the detector tube. That kind can be divided into two sections: oscillating receivers with potentiometer control and non-oscillating receivers such as the neutrodyne. With the kind that requires a potentiometer control for stopping oscillation in the radio-frequency-amplifying tube it is well to remember that when this tube is in a state of oscillation it can make almost as much trouble as the single circuit. Therefore in using it do not allow the radio-frequency-amplifying tube to break into oscillation. Most reflex receivers are included in this class.

The neutrodyne, being of the non-oscillating type, except when it is not properly neutralized, radiates no energy. Nearly all of the tuned-radio-frequency receivers today are of the non-oscillating type. Since all the dials tune in virtually the same way, no special instructions are necessary.

The superheterodyne receivers can be made to radiate energy, but that depends more upon the type of circuit than upon the method of tuning. No definite instructions for using them can be given here, but, since all manufactured sets are provided with instructions, the purchaser has only to read and follow them.

A word of caution: do not in any circumstances force your tubes above their rated voltage and filament current if you expect them to last any length of time. The warning applies in particular to the 199-type tubes. You gain nothing by overloading and only shorten the life of the tubes. With proper care a set of tubes should last from one to two years.

TAKING CARE OF A FISHING REEL

ONE of the important articles of equipment in an angler's outfit is the reel, or reels, since most fishermen own several. The usual type for trout and other small fish caught on a fly rod is a light, single-action click reel; for bait casting, an easy spinning, nicely balanced quadruple multiplier.

The click reel needs little attention except an occasional oiling. Its finish will probably be nickel plate or blued steel, either of which will rust unless the metal is protected. Since the reel is constantly exposed to dampness, a coating of oil should be applied before and after each trip. Oil the bearings once or twice a season.

A bait-casting reel may give many years of faithful service, or it may be ruined in a short time; it depends entirely on the care that it receives. Bait casting puts a tremendous amount of friction on the reel, and the bearings need oil as much as a gasoline engine needs it. Once the bearings are worn the spool will wobble, and the smooth, silklike action is gone; the only cure then is to send the reel back to the factory to be "reset." The tiny screw caps that cover the bearings must be kept filled with some light grease like vaseline. Thin oil is satisfactory, but must be applied more frequently.

Never carry a bait-casting reel loose in your pocket, for it is sure to pick up grit. Have some sort of case of leather or of cloth. If nothing better offers, the foot of a heavy stocking makes an effective protection. Take pains not to lay the rod down on the beach of a lake or on a river bank where sand might get into your reel; and if you ever notice any sound as of grit in the bearings, take it apart at once, clean it thoroughly and then reassemble it with a fresh supply of oil. You should do that at least once every season.

"What's that star?" Spend a few evenings outdoors with the booklet *A Year of Stars*, and answer the question whenever it is asked. Send ten cents to the Department Editor for your copy of this simple handbook of the heavens.

THE ACCORDION

THE accordion, the smallest member of the organ family, has the distinction of being able to produce a greater volume of sound for its size than any other musical instrument. It was invented about 1829 by Damian of Vienna and became popular throughout southern Europe. In Italy instruments were made that were capable of taking different parts in a score, and orchestras made up wholly of accordions were assembled. The use of accordions in America has been somewhat limited by the supply, which until recently has come either from Germany or from Italy.

The box of the accordion is in three sections, the two outer of wood, the middle of tough paper, cloth or leather folded into the "accordion plaits," which form the bellows.

Tone is produced by the vibration of "free reeds"—thin tongues of metal, fixed at one end in openings in small metal plates called reed blanks. The free reed is also found in the con-

(CONCLUDED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)

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(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)

certina, an instrument of the accordion type that is more difficult to play and more often in need of repair.

The reeds of the accordion are made of steel, which in the best instruments approaches the quality of watch-spring steel. The pitch depends upon length and thickness. Each reed is set in a reed blank, usually of aluminum, having two openings: one for the reed and the other, over which is fastened a small tongue of leather, for the escape of the tone. The reed blanks are mounted on thick strips of wood in the order of the scale and are so placed in the instrument that they lie parallel with the keyboard.

The piano accordion, which was invented about 1890, is the largest accordion. It weighs about eighteen pounds and is held by padded straps attached to a ring at the end of the keyboard and passed over the shoulders of the players. In 1909 this instrument was improved by Pietro Deiro, whose playing brought it into such favor that bands of accordion players have sprung up in several of the large cities.

The piano accordion is a powerful instrument, containing four rows of wooden blanks, in each of which are set two rows of metal reed blanks so arranged that either opening the bellows or pressing it together produces the same note. That is an important characteristic of the piano accordion, for in other types of the instrument the expansion of the bellows produces one note, the compression another.

The keyboard, which has about three and a half octaves, contains the white and the black keys found on the keyboard of the piano, and the player uses the right hand as on the piano. The difficulties of the instrument lie in the use of the left hand, which controls the bellows and plays the bass keys,—from thirty-six to a hundred and forty or more,—buttons closely set and out of sight of the player.

When one of the keys is pressed the four reeds that correspond to that note are set in vibration. When the instrument is well played the volume of sound is so great and the variety of tone so unusual that it sounds like a small brass band. The piano accordion is a good concert instrument; its tone blends well with other instruments. A piano accordion, a violin and a piano make a good combination. One instrument is sufficient for use in a band of twelve other instruments. The price of the piano accordion ranges from a hundred and twenty-five to a thousand dollars.

The chromatic accordion has from forty to seventy melody keys, which are set either in three or in five rows, and from eighty to a hundred and twenty bass keys. The expansion or the compression of the bellows produces the same note. It is a good solo instrument, and its chromatic scale makes it available for use with other instruments. It ranges in price from a hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars. Professional players use both the piano and the chromatic accordion, and both types are increasing in favor.

The semitone accordion is somewhat easier to play, but the manipulation of the bellows is more difficult, because opening the bellows produces one note and closing them produces another. The semitone scale of the instrument limits its use with other instruments. The price is from seventy-five to two hundred dollars.

For the amateur the diatonic accordion is the best instrument. Its scale is the same as that of the white keys of the piano. It can be had in a great variety of styles and prices. One can be bought for as little as six or seven dollars, but a proficient player will soon want a better instrument—say an Italian accordion that costs twenty dollars. Such an instrument is usually eleven inches long, six and a half inches wide and eleven and a half inches high. It has two rows of melody keys, the first containing eleven, and the second ten, keys. It has from eight to twelve bass keys. The bellows has from sixteen to eighteen folds. The instrument improves in quality of tone as the reeds lose their stiffness with use. One note is produced by opening and another by closing the bellows.

The diatonic accordion is one of the few instruments that admit of self-instruction. Some learn to play by ear; others use an instruction book. A good accordion, moreover, will stay in tune for a long time, and consequently may be chosen by amateurs conscious of a lack of knowledge of pitch; and the use of the instrument will tend to train the ear to discriminate.

The player holds the accordion in a perpendicular position, and places the right thumb in the loop behind the keyboard so that the fingers are free to play the melody; the left hand is placed under the strap on the outer side of the instrument so that the thumb can regulate the air valve and the fingers play the keys that furnish the simple chords used to accompany the melody. The left hand manipulates the bellows. The player, who is seated, rests the instrument on the left knee with the left foot raised a few inches on a stool. Before beginning to play he fills the bellows half full of air and keeps about that quantity in the accordion to prevent a strain upon the bellows.

The instrument usually stands in the key of C, and music for it is written in the treble clef.

Instruction books give directions for playing familiar melodies, marches and simple musical compositions. The diatonic accordion can be used either to accompany the voice or in concert with other instruments, such as the mandolin, guitar or piano. Ambitious players will find that playing the diatonic is a good beginning for playing the piano accordion.

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